ANTICIPATION,

OR THE

VOYAGE

OF AN

AMERICAN

TO

ENGLAND,

In the Year 1899,

In a Series of LETTERS,

Humorously describing the supposed Situation of this KINGDOM at that Period.

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M DCC LXXXI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Letters are ſuppoſed to be written towards the cloſe of the eighteenth century, by a young American; who is ſtimulated by curioſity to pay a viſit to the country of his anceſtors. The ſeat of government is transferred to America; and England is an almoſt deſerted depopulated nation; the condition of which, and the manners of the inhabitants, he deſcribes, as far as he is able to collect them, in the following ſeries of letters, to his friends in America.

Private Letters, &c.

LETTER I.

BOSTON HARBOUR.

MY ſo ſudden departure will be leſs ſurprizing to you, as you alone were often intruſted with my intention, of once ſeeing a country my worthy anceſtors ſprang from, and of which, according to the cuſtom of America, we ſtill value ourſelves on being natives.

For though the *omne ſolum* may be a good maxim for a ſoldier, whoſe kind gifts, when living, or kinder legacies, when dead, can ſeldom riſe higher than a cartouch, or, at moſt, a tobacco box; and where his reſiduary legatee, perhaps, ſcarce ever gleans more than a round or two of powder and ball; yet, with us landed gentlemen, who can avoid looking back on the firſt riſe of their family? though, perhaps, a ſimple Kentiſh man, or man of Kent—and what then?

My great grandfather, as you know, or may have heard, followed that trade which, like the Hebrew language, begins with the tail. His office was to inject pronouns and participles into idle boys like common glisters. And my great grandmother was so notable a housekeeper, as to make wine from the same tree, whose branches were such distillers of juices equally as ruddy, though not so palatable.

He was a man who slighted all honours and dignities—and, as a proof of it, he refused the high offices, as he always called them, of church-warden and petty constable.

How often, as I have it on record, would he quote the following distich?

"Too low in life to be a justice, I,
"And, for a constable, thank God, too high."

My father was a different other-gues's kind of man, and was such a slave to honour, and what I call empty titles, that he was overseer of two parishes at eighteen years of age; and the inhabitants being small in number, he ran the gantlet of every post, 'till he fairly died (as Shakespear calls it) with *harness on his back:* for, being at a parish feast, he so vehemently inveighed against the wicked custom of eating up the poor alive, that he broke an artery in the midst

midſt of a patriotic ſpeech for the good of his bleeding country in general, and the ſaid pariſh in particular.

How could I expatiate on the virtues of this great and good man! At intervals, from ſtudy or buſineſs, he was an horſe-milliner, though this ſeemed only a blind for the better carrying on his other trade of ſmuggling, which had once near proved fatal to him, and cauſed him to ſettle in America. He was the firſt man who ever, in that part of England, brought ringing of bells to a ſcience; inſomuch, that on his tombſtone this is fairly recorded; and, as I am told, my eyes will now ſoon convince me on my landing there. The following epitaph is ſtill to be ſeen, as compoſed by the then ſub-dean of the chapel-royal, a place, which always implies a man of genius and a fine writer. Nay! is ſynonimous to it.

" The man who lies below could never bend
" His heart to lie, unleſs to ſcreen a friend;
" He, for the pariſh good, himſelf confin'd,
" And ſerv'd each office with a willing mind.
" 'Till he aroſe, church bells could only toll
" For ev'ning prayers, or ſome departed ſoul;
" But he, at length, taught ev'ry bell to ring,
" In ſweeteſt ſounds, the praiſe of any king;
" And tho' poſterity ſcarce credits it,
" He rung the changes, all like any P—t.

But not to loſe ſight of my real ſubject by family affairs, ever unwelcome to ſtrangers, much more friends, I ſhall, in my next, mention my arrival, wind and weather permitting, at ſome port of England; already are we under ſail, the ſpires of Boſton leſſen, the ſhore recedes, and at once we are convinced, how inſignificant even kingdoms are (how much longer the word *province* will remain among you, I know not) even at the diſtance of a few leagues.

But no diſtance, time or place, can make the idea of your friendſhip recede from me, or leſſen the gratitude he ever will pay, who is

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

At Sea.,

MY firſt to you, from the harbour, no doubt, reached your hands, as it went by the boat which brought me on board. Separations of real friends are, to me at leaſt, ſo affecting, that you could not prove your regard higher, than in complying with my requeſt of not attending me to the embarkation. I ever admired Bru-

tus's

tus's maxim, "If we do meet again, we'll "smile indeed."

A brisk wind soon proved the globular shape of the earth, for we quickly lost sight of mountains, woods, and of course such little objects, as the villas of our private friends; but believe me, though I know America to be called the land of forgetfulness, yet will I answer for myself, that I shall never lose sight of the kind reception and golden hospitality I so often undeservedly, perhaps, met with at those villas; and, indeed, have frequently compared friendship to fine paintings, where we must retire to a certain distance the better to judge of their intrinsic value.

It is by accident you receive this letter—I did not purpose writing again till I sat my foot in old England; but a large fleet of shipping appearing in the offing, we lay too, and accordingly prepared to ask what news?

On a nearer approach, and friendly examination, we found this was only a small part of a much larger fleet gone to other ports, all freighted with the effects, valuables, and persons of several capital merchants, who had quitted Old England to settle themselves elsewhere.

As nothing is more common, than to en-

deavour to make proſelytes to our opinion, either in religion, politics or otherwiſe, ſo did theſe friends try every art of perſuaſion to prevent me taking, as they called it, an almoſt uſeleſs voyage; for they were, perhaps, the laſt families of any property or weight, who were to be called Engliſhmen, and that they had now quitted their country, becauſe they had no further connexions there.

How? ſays I, and not with a modicum of aſtoniſhment—it was in quantity—am I then going into a land of foreigners? I have long been wiſhing to ſee my mother country, as we call it, though but the third in ſucceſſion to its real natives—my anceſtors were too much hurried in buſineſs to take the trip I am now embracing; but as their labour made me a gentleman, and of courſe, a perſon of leiſure, I was happy, after paying the proper, but laſt reſpects, to a good parent, to ſet off on a tour, as I thought, of pleaſure, the rather to baniſh that pain I felt, and ſtill feel, in the loſs of ſo great and good a father.

A venerable gentleman, with a complexion which exceeded the tint of a Cornelius Johnſon or a Coſway, took me aſide, and ſaid, What I tell you now, young traveller, is not intended to check any deſign of

of yours in the voyage, becauſe the change of air and climate may benefit your health and ſpirits; I think you are too dejected; but, otherwiſe I would invite you with your baggage on board, and you ſhould return to the place from whence you came—we are ſteering for New England; however, do as you think beſt, but it is the higheſt compliment to give every man his own way; to a lady it is an infallible one.

I anſwered, that as I had had the trouble to ſettle my affairs for near two years; that, as I had taken leave of my friends, I ſhould hazard the name of capricious and futile, ſhould I return; and that, as while my family affairs were ſettling, I had rather be abſent than preſent; a general change being to be made, which I could not ſo well bring about but by deputies, having not reſolution to diſcharge many old, though bad ſervants: I therefore thanked him, told him that, however, he had abated ſome part of my curioſity, yet ſufficient of that remained to take the jaunt; and ſo, having begged his delay 'till I ſealed this to you, and given a few bottles to the crew, *to beat the copper*, as they call it, I took my leave of them, as I now do of you, with a God bleſs you, and all ſucceſs attend you,

Adieu.

LETTER III.

OFF PLYMOUTH.

WE have been in ſight of Old England for ſeveral days, but, as I learn, through want of trade and its conſequence, quick navigation, moſt of the harbours are choaked up, ſo as not to afford channel enough for any thing but a cutter. As we are near eight hundred tons burthen, no wonder our captain acted ſo cautiouſly; and ſo we are to take to the long boat, and get aſhore up ſome creek, as well as we can, which, as it never knew better days, can never know worſe.

With my glaſſes I can diſcover this muſt have been an harbour of great conſequence a century back. What ſhall we ſay of theſe amazing changes? But as the poet ſolves it, "And corn grows now where Troy town "ſtood." The ſhip is to find its way to the Thames, if poſſible. This convinces me, what a figure Ireland would make had it not been the intereſt of England, formerly, to ſhackle the trade of that fertile and well harboured country, as they would be at market, at leaſt from all the weſtern ports, before a London trader even reaches this place.

Imagine me tolerably occupied in ſettling with my captain, diſpatching this letter, getting

getting my baggage on ſhore, with many et ceteras, and you will not think I neglect you by this ſhort letter; on the contrary, there cannot be a greater proof of my regard than ſnatching the firſt pen, and laſt opportunity, as a packet is now under ſail for America, to inform you not only that I am well, but,

your ever obliged.

P. S. I ſhall not write any more 'till I reach London; from that city expect, nay depend on my punctuality—what obſervations I make on my road to that capital, I gueſs I muſt call it ſoon, once flouriſhing city, ſhall be in my firſt from that place: 'till when, as a certain friend ſays, "take care of your health, and your ſpi-"rits will take care of themſelves."

Adieu.

LETTER IV.

EXETER.

YOU ſee, already, I break my word with you, but a ſmall accident happening to our carriage, we ſhall ſojourn here long enough to afford you one letter from hence, which would not have been the caſe, had our wheels been leſs treache-

rous,

rous, for then, my next would have been, as I before promiſed, from England's great city.

Plymouth made ſo melancholy and forlorn an appearance through my glaſs, that I had no heart to enter it: the plan I had of it, now on the table before me, pointed out wet and dry docks, arſenals, magazines, and, what Othello ſo aptly calls, *the big pomp and circumſtance of war*; but from the account I had of the inhabitants, who were amuſing themſelves with a game they call cricket, at the village where we repoſed, for want of ſomething better to do, I learnt, they had not any thing to be ſeen in the maritime way but the models of ſeveral ſhips, according to their different rates; and from which, a century ago, they built thoſe glorious ſea caſtles, which made their country trembled at from pole to pole; conquered, like many Roman provinces, even by the name.

And now, was not this a ſufficient reaſon for not adding to that melancholy I already was ſo poſſeſſed of, and which had been much increaſed, by reading ſeveral volumes of naval hiſtory during my *long, long* paſſage, inſomuch, that every anecdote of Engliſh glory was afloat in my memory, and I was here preſented with a ſtrange proſpect,

proſpect, that the ſame would never happen again.

The declenſions of Empires, we may reaſon on what may be, from what has been the fate of ſo many much greater ones, are to be conſidered as natural cauſes: and, though a lack of induſtry and primitive œconomy, joined to predominant and univerſal luxury and diſſipation, may haſten and puſh on the minute hand of their deſtruction faſter, yet, as Lord Bolingbroke ſo well obſerves, "Kingdoms are mortal "like thoſe who compoſe them." They have their infancy, their youth, their maturity, and, though care and temperance may poſtpone it a while, yet muſt the common cataſtrophe happen, when doatage and death ſhall long ſtruggle which ſhall be predominant, but in the end, the conqueſt is determined in favour of the latter.

As a proof how this country was completing that very deſtruction it had ſo fatally began, I found in the village where we baited, and which, by the bye, conſiſted but of a ſcore of common houſes, two profeſt milliners ſhops, where the very ſervants had their caps made up for next Sunday, without giving themſelves the trouble to put even the ribbon on. The common ſhaver of the town was, now, a regular

lar French friſſeur, and would have ſcorned to gain an additional penny, as his anceſtors did, by *radically* curing the tooth ach, or playing a three-ſtring fiddle; but as to the latter, he was in no wiſe culpable, for every full moon they had a regular concert of vocals and inſtrumentals in the very public houſe we baited at, and their ears had been ſo uſed to the notes, if not the ſounds, of a Giardini, that the ſhaver could have ſtood no chance of getting bread that way, had he even early fallen into the path of his anceſtors, and learned to fiddle through a book of airs and dances, "long ways for "as many as will."

Triſles light as air, ſays the almoſt divine Shakeſpear, *are confirmations ſtrong*; and I could judge, from the vanity and idleneſs of this village, this little village, I may fairly ſay, how a once flouriſhing country, like this, has been ſapped, and why it thus treads on to univerſal decay in arts, in trade, in glory, and, indeed, of common honeſty.

Nothing paſt on the road worth obſervation—a few gibbets *in terrorem* ſhewed there had been laws in the country, if not juſtice, and I was told, that once in twenty years, ſome poor dog who could not, by himſelf or friends, raiſe a few pounds to commute his ſentence to tranſportation, was hung up

to

to dry, as they call it, but ſeldom continued long; as ſurgeons, who live too luxuriouſly now, to purchaſe a body in the fair and honeſt way, generally took this method of making a ſkeleton at the ſmall price of the fellow's life, who undertook the job, in order, perhaps, to rub off the bill of a brace or two of thoſe diſorders, which nymphs of the plain, now, are liberal of, no leſs than the infernal nuns of a Covent Garden.

Well, I am now at Exeter—my firſt viſit of curioſity was of courſe to the cathedral, ſo my itinerary directed me; but as I approached it, every avenue ſeemed clogged with filth and dirt, like a London inn yard. Upon the ſtricteſt enquiry I found it had, long ſince, been a barrack for ſome troops of horſe; and that the income of the ſaid epiſcopacy, when in its glory, near a century behind, was now appropriated to *cannons* of another ſort, for a ſmall train of artillery lay near, which, though uſeleſs, coſt the nation ſome hundreds, annually, to watch, by officers, comptrollers, &c. &c. *in ſecula ſeculorum.*

I aſked, if there was no eſtabliſhed religion in that city? And was anſwered, that what the Diſſenters could not now engage, the Methodiſts did; a ſect whoſe divine leaders, under the maſk of gathering for the poor,

cry

cry in the closet, "Who is so poor as myself? and so appropriate the copper dish, the surest method of raising supplies, to their own friends and relations.

This sect first arose from the pleasure and profit of a singularity, and increased from the natural idleness of the established clergy, who being too ignorant or indolent to make new sermons, left an opening to several young fellows, some of them, indeed, *fellows* of colleges, to shew superior dexterity by haranging without book; and so proselytes poured in on every side, to such a degree, that it was almost a cabinet affair to silence them; but a witty Earl proposing, that their chief, one W———d, should be made a bishop of, in order the better to silence him; the affair grew, from that moment, ludicrous, and has too much, perhaps, remained so ever since.

The last bishop of this diocese, as I heard, was of too noble a family not to be very proud, and of course very illiterate; his ridiculous discipline much brought about the amazing change we now see here. To find fault, he ever looked on as a mark of judgment, and so got the reputation of a scholar, by, in general saying, "I think "my reverend brother has very ill hand-"led that argument," without once proving

ing it. You think! replies a droll fellow, "nobody ever once caught any of your "illuſtrious family in the fact of *thinking*."

The adage of looking into the oven, reminds me of his conduct to the young clergy, who come from far to be ordained at this very city: his lordſhip privately gets the landlord of each inn to ſend him teſtimoniums, how theſe church cadets live on the road to this collegiate place; but one of them drew himſelf, unluckily, into a ſad kind of ſcrape, by being too obedient to his ſuperior, for he wrote word, that one of the clergy, who ſlept at his houſe, had a w——e with him: now, it ſo happened it was his lawful wife; the landlord was proſecuted, ſeverely too—the b——p, on a juſt and fair remonſtrance, would not pay a farthing of the expence; and ſo, ever ſince, his lordſhip cannot gain the leaſt intelligence of theſe very very trifles; and for which only he is ſo eminent a divine.

Adieu.

LETTER V.

KENSINGTON.

AS I preſume every letter of mine reaches its right owner, I ſhall not recapitulate any part of a former one; for

ſhould

ſhould it, by any fatality, happen to more than a ſingle one, your genius and invention will, I know, ſoon ſupply its place, and the loſs never be felt to any but myſelf, as I would not have the ſmalleſt chaſm, even in our correſpondence, happen, leſt it ſhould appear an earneſt of ſuch an one in our future friendſhip.

Kenſington is ſo near London, that I may almoſt date my letter from it as ſuch. We ſtopt to ſee the veſtigia of a once famous country palace of former kings, but which is now, with its large gardens, converted into ſtreets, though not one houſe in ten has an inhabitant, for I don't call a buff-belt ſcourer on the ground flour, or a laundreſs in the middle one, true inhabitants of a building, which, by its ſquare feet and altitude, was intended, perhaps, for a peer of the realm, or thoſe of faſhion, if not quality.

In my pocket map I found nothing of theſe buildings mentioned; but on the contrary, ſaw a large ſpace of ground coloured green, interſected by a river, and called Hyde Park, ſo named, perhaps, from the anceſtors of that noble family, or more probably from the common expreſſion an hyde of land, being as much as the ſkin of ſome animal, cut into ſmall thongs, would encom-

encompaſs; but I rather think the former appellation fav'rite of the two.

The firſt king of the Hanover ſucceſſion took great delight in this palace and gardens: it reminded them, as it is ſaid, by the flat ſituation, of their own improvements at home; but ill-nature and party would whiſper, that the real reaſon was to ſave charges, that this place was the conſtant reſidence of royalty; for at the diſtance of other palaces, the whole court muſt have followed, and been maintained at a vaſt expence; but here, the miniſtry could pay their duty and return to their own tables, without incumbring that of majeſty, who, but too often, by jobbs to gratify a miniſter, or keep themſelves firm in the ſaddle, as they call it, run ſo on the wrong ſide of the poſt, or, as the more vulgar expreſſion is, get their hand ſo far beyond the ſleeve, that their names are proſtitute at many a butcher's ſtall, or bacon warehouſe: nay, ſo far has it been carried, that I am well informed, majeſty has even been refuſed credit from an oyſter ſtall or chandler's ſhop.

Pope's line, on another occaſion, might here be tolerably well burleſqued.

"Theſe are imperial works, and worthy kings!"

I tried much to find the ſerpentine river, of which I had heard ſo much, nay, ſo often read of in news papers, of love-ſick nymphs and deſpairing ſwains being drowned in; I was ſoon informed, that it was now the common-ſhore, and that the large fountain of all was a common horſe-pond in an inn yard.

This frenzy of new building firſt took its riſe from the low intereſt of money in the ſeveral funds; a man who had, by dint of ſome trouble and more ſtratagem, if not knavery, in falſe weights and ſhort meaſures, amaſſed a brace of thouſands by what is called home trade, could get but two and an half per cent. by it; calculate this on any ſmall given ſum, and then imagine how he is to live in a city where there is no friendſhip or hoſpitality, as in diſtant countries, and where hardly any thing is given but the lie, and nothing lent but a blow on the head: excuſe my fiddling upon words—yet, jeſting apart, they pay for air, light, water, ground to walk upon, and muſt not make a candle though their kitchens and themſelves, good lord, ſwim in their own greaſe.

But with this one, two, or three thouſand pounds (which ever ſum you will) a man may build a few houſes, have the ſatiſfaction,

faction, and a great one they think it, to call them after his own name, like a quondam king's meſſenger, by which means he ever marries well, as women, here, are much governed, I find, by empty ſound; and if they only laſt his life (few modern-built houſes laſting their firſt climacteric) he cries, the devil take the hindmoſt, d—n poſterity, what has poſterity done for me? So the houſes fall, the materials are ſold, and, as David ſo judiciouſly ſays, "the place of that man is no more to be found."

So fond are theſe people of hearing the jingle of their own names, that I have known a paſſage *of three houſes and an half, with a further fraction of a fourth, which has been called after them: an alley is in character compared to this, but ſquares and ſtreets are, right and left, ſo chriſtened through the whole city.

Neceſſity, perhaps, even occaſions this, no leſs than ſelf vanity; for, on the very name of a ſtreet, though, perhaps, every ſingle houſe is mortgaged to the altic ſtory, many a man, as I ſaid before, marries well, raiſes a ſum of money, has credit with his butcher, baker, and that liſt of neceſſary

* Agat's Paſſage.

rogues, who if they were not engroſſers, regraters, and monopolizers, would only deſerve the common gallows; but now, a bit of a g—, (or gib—it, if I muſt utter it) is their proper reward; and pray heaven they may verily have their reward.

Near this place ſtood an houſe where a man, from being only a clerk in office, (but an earl's brother though) amaſſed near a million ſterling, by having paſſed the ſeveral offices of paymaſter general, and other lucrative employs, and never was caught once in the fact of bluſhing, for either what he did or did not do.

I have read, in a ſatire of thoſe days (but the arrows of ſatire cannot penetrate the tough leather of coaches, or pierce through the double wainſcot of their parlours) ſome lines on him, which very much pleaſed me, but at the ſame time convinced me, that the fangs of ſatire are very much rounded, and rendered harmleſs by the diſſipation of each reader; the author mentions how every man, more or leſs, has his price; ſome are caught with ribbons and ſtars, others with title, a third with power, and a fourth with preferment; but ſpeaking of this perſon (no doubt, by the playing on his name, it muſt be the ſame, though a century back) he ſays,

"But

" But one, by name more cunning, *entre nous*,
" Took, at one gulp, place, penſion, title too;
" His party rail'd when firſt they heard the trick,
" But finding that it never made him ſick,
" The devil take the hindmoſt, one man cry'd,
" Another, in the ſelf ſame key, replied;
" So one and all approv'd the maxim ſoon,
" And every ſqueamiſh ſtomach lick'd the ſpoon."

My next will really be from London, this is a kind of interlocutory one; but every one, I hope, will convince you how much I am

Your obliged.

LETTER VI.

London.

AT length I am arrived, as Othello ſays, " at the ſea-mark of my utmoſt " ſail," for, from the little I ſaw on each ſide the road, between Plymouth and this place, am quite out of heart for any further viſit into the country of England.

My firſt deſign, you know, was to have viſited every city in the iſland; the ſeveral cathedrals, as I had ſeen the prints of them, were, in part, my inducement; but as I find, from all accounts, that religion is at its laſt gaſp, even in the villages, no doubt I ſhall ſee leſs in the capital churches, as

thoſe kind of diſeaſes flow from the head, downwards, and rarely begin, nay, if ever they do, never ſucceed when they riſe from the extremities.

The only change I ſhall make in my intended tour, will be to Scotland; this was originally never intended by me; from their itinerant method of getting their bread, I ſhould have thought the country not worth ſtaying in, and it is more than barely reported this was its ſituation formerly; but at preſent, thanks to a favourite of their nation, (above a century ago) that country is, now, the garden of this part in Europe—and though the climate will not admit of ripe fruits, and rich plants, yet have they ſuch quantities of money, that ſcarce a gentleman of five hundred per annum, is now without his pinery; and hot houſes are more frequent there, I am told, than were naked limbs in former ages.

Many jeſts, nay, they are even tranſmitted to lateſt poſterity, by printed books, were once current about a poor ſingle paſſage by a ferry, acroſs the Tweed; and one among others, was, that when any paſſenger paſſed to Scotland, they never aſked him for money, as being certain he would return, and ſoon too; but when the very richeſt Scotchman paſſed to England, they made

made him pay, as knowing he never would paſs back again, and was a fool if he did.

You have often repeated part of an epigram, in thoſe days, which, to common readers, will better explain this,

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom,
"Not ſent him wand'ring, but confin'd him home."

However, I hear the wandering character of them is quite at an end, for, about a century ſince, they crept into ſuch favour at court, that ſcarce was there a conſiderable poſt vacant, in law, phyſic, the army, navy, nay, the very church, but the natives of this country poſſeſſed it.

One cauſe of the depopulation in this part of England was, I hear, owing to this ſtrange partiality to them—in ſuch torrents did they pour ſouthward, that the once poor ferry could no longer anſwer its original end; ſo that from one bridge over the Tweed, which was then thought a very hazardous expence to the proprietors, no leſs than *forty-five* are ſtill to be found, every one of which have, in proportion, their toll anſwer in intereſt to the ſeveral owners.

As the natives of this country ever retain preſbytery principles, it has often given

cauſe of wonder, no leſs than complaint, that biſhops of the eſtabliſhed church of England, ſhould be raiſed from their univerſities—yet, but too often, has it happened, and, perhaps, is one of thoſe reaſons in the univerſal decay of religion ſouthwards.

Suckled in clanniſh principles, and nurſed in the cuſtom of trying cauſes without juries, the jealouſies ſouthward were ever ſtrongeſt, when any gentleman of this country, though ingenious to a proverb, aſcended the upper bench of law; but as ſo many printed accounts of this univerſal error are to be ſeen in your ſo well-choſen library, I will return to my intended ſubject, of which I had near loſt ſight, and, if ever I have occaſion to open the cauſe again, will certainly be more particular, by gaining ſly intelligence from the natives here, which is very eaſily done by making them believe you are deſcended from a family of that nation.

Our fortune, in America, having been originally made from trade, it was very natural I ſhould chuſe to take up my head quarters in the city. By the grand appearance of ſtreets, ſquares, and almoſt palaces, from the once county town of Brentford, I fooliſhly imagined, this muſt be from the overflowings of trade, and that the city, from whence ſuch treaſures muſt iſſue, ſtill

was

was the ſeat of hurry and confuſion—I mean that glorious part of it which is occaſioned by traffic.

But after paſſing a place called Leiceſter Square, where the pedeſtal only of an Equeſtrian ſtatue ſtill remained, I found nothing but unroofed buildings, common ſewers open to the air, and, of courſe, very offenſive, graſs growing between the interſtices of the ſtones, on the foot-way, and, in ſhort, every thing ſymptomatic of deſolation.

However, I ordered the coachman to drive me towards the exchange; the fellow laughed, and ſaid, he ſuppoſed I had heard there was, now, no ſuch place; but that he could ſhew me the ground it once ſtood upon, the ſame being, at preſent, a kind of college for repentant proſtitutes.

Theſe candidates daily grew ſo numerous, that one or two receptacles were not found ſufficient to contain them, as was the caſe formerly; but in fact, it is ſuch a clever contrivance to eſcape creditors, get cured of a certain diſorder *gratis*, or be rid of a baſtard child, that no wonder every apartment has its weeping inhabitants in public, who laugh in private, to think what fools people muſt be to give up their money to ſupport it; and how cordially their peni-

tence

tence is ſwallowed by joining in an hymn or two, or weeping at the farcical piety of ſome popular *dod-ging* preacher.

Indeed I find moſt hoſpitals, on due examination, are built to aid and aſſiſt young phyſicians, ſurgeons, apothecaries, chaplains, matrons, nurſes, with many an *et cetera*, more than for the ſake of the ſeveral poor objects; but I will explain this, in future letters, more amply; at preſent, as I grow tedious and tireſome to myſelf, ſo muſt I of courſe be to others, therefore, not to overload the carriage of incivility at preſent,

Adieu.

LETTER VII.

LONDON.

I Already find, by my ſituation here, that I am rather to ſearch for antiquities, or veſtiges of what has been, than what may be to be found in this ſtrange depopulated place.

Yeſterday I naturally made my firſt pilgrimage to St. Paul's, I was determined to walk it, as the rubbiſh of old uninhabited houſes made it difficult for a carriage to paſs, which I found by experience, yeſterday.

On approaching the weſt door, for I moſt exactly

exactly followed the plan in my hand, I saw a kind of harlequin walking to and fro, and a sort of Italian, playing on a guittar; I asked them if I could be admitted to see the church? My answer was, if you mean to see the pantomime, the other door leads you to it, but if you intend being at the concert, with the last favourite burletta, this is the entrance; but, as a friend, am to tell you that there is no room.

The house of prayer being made a den of thieves, in an instant, occurred to me; but, as that might be every ones simple observation, I rather kept my sentiments to myself, than suffer Mr. harlequin, or the castrata, to tire me with their animadversions on the occasion.

I pleaded rather engagements elsewhere, than myself unlock the secret, that I was shocked at such a melancholy change, but took the earliest occasion, from other hands, to enquire into the causes of this so surprising a metamorphosis.

I learned, then, that about a century past, the luxury of both bishop, dean and residentiaries was such, that they first began to feel their way, by letting all their burial vaults to a wine seller: the usual jest of parsons preaching over their liquor, soon vanished—for the additional revenue, even

of

of this, much augmented their annual income, nay, very conſiderably; ſo, by degrees, finding religion of no value, from the increaſe of Deiſm and Methodiſt chapels, they got leave to alienate this great building to the uſes at preſent, and from humble port, or an humbler pot of porter, not a fine-cure eccleſiaſtic, but revels in Burgundy, ſhews almoſt royal furniture in his princely apartments, and, when aſked how he can be ſo unfeeling in ſuch circumſtances, has an anſwer at hand, "*ſic tranſit gloria mundi!*"

Had not my great grandfather's brother been a dignitary of this very cathedral, I could eaſier have reconciled myſelf to ſee the amuſements in queſtion, but it affected me ſo, to even hear it at the outſide of the dwelling, that, I am ſure, my ſufferings within muſt have increaſed in proportion, and ſo I walked away to Black Friars bridge, in order to conclude the morning with ſome object rather more chearful and leſs affecting.

On entering, I aſked the man at the toll-gate to change a ſhilling, as I had no copper money; he anſwered, that ſometimes, in the whole day, he did not even get a ſingle penny, as other bridges were built above old London, which carried all the travellers

travellers that way; beſides, added he, there are ſo many apertures, for want of a regular reparation here, that you would find it difficult to paſs, eſpecially if you are troubled with my diſorder of a vertigo, for I cannot croſs upon a ſingle plank, no more than I could dance on the wire at St. Paul's theatre there.

Have you, Sir, ſaid he, ſeen any of their amuſements? I hear an amazing account of them. Between ourſelves, I think the chapter did well to make ſome advantage of it in this way, in the other, I know by experience, it never would have anſwered—my father told me, that fifty years ago, he foreſaw the ſcheme of preaching was all over in conſecrated buildings; a tabernacle, Sir, is the thing; any barn, ſtable, or outhouſe, is more in the primitive ſtate of Chriſtianity; did our Lord and maſter ever ſhew a love for gilded roofs and glittering ſpires? ſtained windows, carved ſeats of eaſe, and velvet cuſhions? Where is the difference between the pope of Rome and our archbiſhop? Or between St. Paul's or St. Peter's, if the outward and viſible ſign of worſhip is only to be look'd upon?

You ſee, Sir, which ſide of the queſtion I am on—commend me to a preacher, who, like St. Paul, gives up an inde-

pendant

pendant income to follow the croſs; or, like the other apoſtles, quits a calling to purſue a better call: may not a carpenter, a joiner, a taylor, or a waterman here, be a good preacher, if the ſpirit enlightens him? Does the air of a college, or the fumes of an Oxford kitchen, make a man really divine? The pomp of families may promote this ſcheme, and I know it does, and no bad ſcheme is it to make ſo many years reſidence there, as they call it, very neceſſary, even though you are about two thirds of the time before you can obtain their idle honours: it makes no ſmall ſum of caſh circulate among them; yes, yes, you eat and drink yourſelf into degrees—you need but ſtay long enough, and you grow into a doctor of any faculty; you may be a civilian without having read a page of law, a profeſſor of theology without being intimate even with one leaf of a bible; and as to phyſic! there a wig does it, or noſtrum or two—but a chariot kills or cures, juſt as he and the heir at law agree it, one among another,

I would fain have anſwered my queſtioniſt occaſionally; but he ſeemed ſuch a maſter in the ſcience of defence, that I rather choſe to be his ſcholar.

He

He went on, Sir, ſaid he, by your complexion you are lately arrived from the Eaſt or Weſt indies, no matter which, and ſeem a ſtranger to alterations which, indeed, any one, I think, might have been prophet enough to have foreſeen near a century back, if they had any eyes at all; why my great, great, grandfather (who was an high church prieſt) would no more have believed that his deſcendant, myſelf I mean, ſhould be an eminent preacher, my enemies confeſs that, and this, truly, becauſe I was bred a pan-tile peg-maker; but I'll ſcripture it with the beſt of them—come next Sunday, and you ſhall hear me on a mount, here, in St. George's Fields, where once ſtood a windmill; this occaſions many jeſts that I am a turn-about apoſtle, but what matters that, I get money, and many a fine haunch of veniſon have I extracted from penance and abſolution, for we Methodiſts allow of that; aye, and many a bottle of Burgundy has flowed down my throat, here, from a ſix-penny book of piety, nothing ſells better, eſpecially if the title page is uncommon; I well remember to have treated the public with a volume every month almoſt. (I was then more diſengaged) with this title, "The groans of Chriſtians dying daily." Obſerve no more died at that time, than any other; a ſe-

a ſecond had, "the nails of the croſs clenched in every man's heart." In ſhort, but, added he, I am relieved from this duty you ſee—every other day I am here, and ſhould be glad to ſee you always, the captain, as they ſay in the Beggar's Opera, is always at home, ha! ha! ha!

This is as near what paſſed between us as bare memory can ſuggeſt. 'Till I meet him again, or ſomebody like him,

Believe me yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

LONDON.

IN complaiſance to friends, and particular ones too, I am forced to alter the plan I had previouſly ſettled, of taking every curioſity, or rather antiquity, in a regular way, as printed books, or written informations direct—and, for the ſake of their friendſhip and company, juſt go where they carry me; or, as is the common expreſſion, let the ſtick fall and direct me which path to chuſe.

However! this day their inclination and mine happened to ſuit, for the viſit was to ſome venerable members of the antiquarian ſociety, from whom no ſmall intelligence

gence was to be expected, at leaſt, report ſaid as much, and the warmth of friendſhip is apt to ſtrengthen this, my friends being intimate there.

The figure of the firſt gentleman we ſaw, was, by the addition of white locks and very open features, ſo affecting, that I was determined to believe every thing he ſaid, though, ſeemingly, ever ſo prepoſterous; and prejudice, in favour of any one, we find, will too often do this.

On being admitted into the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of his cabinet, I ſtood with the humility and attention of a pupil before his preceptor; no Cumberland ſizer or Welch ſervitor could tremble more, when ſummonſed before a ſenior fellow of his own college for a peccadillo, which, when the *pituita moleſta* of theſe tyrants is riſing, becomes a kind of high treaſon, and is almoſt puniſhed in the ſame way; for a lad may as well be quartered up alive, as turned out of his quarters; and who but muſt dread expulſion, that does not know where to go for a lodging, even that very night?

But to take up the thread I had accidentally loſt; having waited a few minutes, the gentleman rung his bell, ordered his ſervant to bring in ſome folios, quartos, duodecimos, and elzivers; deſiring me to

ſit down; a table being now between us, it was very natural for me to expect an inſight, by theſe books, when they came, into the very arcana of antiquity—but honeſt David entering the room with *magnum bonums*, bottles, pints, and glaſſes, I ſoon, very ſoon had the mortification to diſcover, that the folios were the firſt of theſe, the ſecond were quartos, duodecimos were pints, and the glaſſes elzivers.

Well, young gentleman, ſays he, what wine, and of what colour do you chuſe? Theſe are the enlivening books we read—Did you really come from America, I have heard as much, to ſee us and our brother *fellows*? Hope you had ſome other points in view, and that this happened only interlocutorily; however, ſince you are here, take this in a whiſper—nay, I am ſo far independant, that I care not if I talk it loud, we are all wrong—and know leſs of the matter than the footman who brought in the library here, juſt now—come, turn over t'other page or two—red or white, 'tis old wine, you need not fear it, or ſpare it, and, indeed, as a great author of our country remarks, give me old wine to drink, old wood to burn, and old friends to converſe with; any thing but old women, and old cloaths, ſo give me the young one of your heart—

drink

drink away, twenty may play as well as one, d—n antiquity, I ſpent an idle number of years, and more idle money, to get at it; and what was it? Hunting for ruſty iron, mouldy halfpence, and dining with duke Humphry.

If I had had room to put in a word or two, I would have aſked why then, a century ago, was this laudable ſociety inſtituted? But he now, after a brace or two of bumpers, chang'd his accent, and became the very man I wiſh'd—He thus began:

About a century ſince the foreign faſhion of titles began to creep in among us, the letters of F. R. S. were become, as Shakeſpeare has it, ſo hackneyed in the eyes of men, that indeed they were of no value; ſome ingenious people, now, caſt about to have a feather tacked to their names, not rendered ſo cheap as was the other, on which our ſociety was immediately ſet on foot; ſome men of real knowledge led the way, and, for a while, the ſcheme was reputable enough, I wiſh I could ſay as much now; but ſo entirely are we addicted to love ſounds, rather than things, that I fear, out of the whole number, ſcarce two and an half per cent. of them, can tell an Otho from a Birmingham halfpenny, or Camillus's ſhield from a common trencher; 'tis ſufficient to

ſign three letters at the end of your name, which, like Archimedes's triangle, does wonders.

But, Sir, intereſt, no leſs than vanity, rules in this affair; a ſurgeon, who would crane his neck by way of phyſical bow, with a perriwig run to ſeed, and whoſe very foretop is an ambuſcade for bugs, for half a guinea in the way of morning ſlebotomy, now rolls upon wheels, raiſes his price, and ſwears he will not take it as he has done, becauſe he is now a fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian ſocieties; but as his graciousmajeſty, God bleſs him, can make an officer and not a ſoldier, and a peer, though not a gentleman, ſo can he, and has he, dubb'd us men of ſcience; whereas, I honeſtly tell you, that theſe are the books moſt of them read oftenеſt, at leaſt, I am candid enough to anſwer for myſelf—ſo drink about, and let us finiſh the volumes.

One anecdote of us, and a merry one it is, I will inform you of, it is an hiſtory of itſelf, and you will beſt judge by that, how deſerving many others may be of the honours thus conferred upon them.

A ſurgeon, now eminent, thanks to the title he gained here, and wearing a wig all bolus, once ſat down to table, where, on diſſecting a fowl, at ſome friend's houſe, he

he found the bones all yellow—on enquiry, theſe bipeds had been accidentally fattened where madder grew in great abundance—neceſſity operates pretty near in the manner of genius, and ſo he caſt about how to turn even this trifle to advantage, *dolus an virtus*—You know the reſt.

Accordingly, he ſhut up one of theſe animals, (two, you know, would have ſpoiled the wonder) and, having forbid him all intercourſe with other food than madder, he produced this miracle before a committee of the ſociety, ſolemnly appointed to enquire into this arcanum of nature.

On diſſection, the bones were, indeed, found yellow; the gentleman was admitted a fellow immediately, and the fowl being carried back, in great form, was reliſhed the better over a bottle, becauſe he had made fowls, or fools of us.—*ſi populus vult.*

Well, Sir, my houſe is ever open to you and friends—excuſe my cavalier way of treating you, but I hate ceremony, and (among friends) if you chuſe the idle feather we wear in our fool's caps, I think it no other, I will engage, by your producing a bit of ſtamped copper, rather unintelligible than not, to make you a faithful member of our community.

But I ſhould have informed you, we are poſſeſſed of one piece of curioſity, and indeed antiquity. About a century ſince, a bible-fancier, for there are ſuch, equally as pidgeon fanciers, left us, as a legacy, a ſet of every annotation from the then meridian of Pater-noſter-Row; by their being of no value, elſe would they have been ſold for good claret, according to the cuſtom of our ſociety, have they been preſerved and become pieces of antiquity, as all other editions of the ſame divine performances have long ſince been exploded, and o'courſe put under pies; which made a wag, indeed, ſay, they were intended for *pious*, or *pye-houſe* uſes, and ſo put to the firſt uſes they were deſigned for, before they came to the laſt.

For the preſent, adieu! we have a committee this evening, merely to find out, if poſſible, what ſort of linen, if any, the Romans wore, and whether Auguſtus Cæſar, in the zenith of his power, had a ſhirt to his back, or a glaſs window to his palace—and ſo we parted.

But nothing, I hope, will part us; ſo united, I think, is our friendſhip, in which hope I remain

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

LONDON.

YOU may imagine me, almoſt, ſo much out of heart with my viſit to the old antiquarian, that I was to expect but *lenten entertainment*, as Shakeſpeare has it, from a jaunt to the Royal Society, eſpecially as I knew and was informed, the former had roſe on the decay of the latter.

However, being determined to have the ocular proof of every thing, according to Othello, and not to truſt the *ipſe dixit* of thoſe who might deceive, through intereſt or ignorance, no matter which, they are equally deſtructive, I went this morning and found the place, but, as Hamlet ſays, *no more like my father than I to Hercules.*

Inſtead of that venerable building I had ſome ſort of reaſon to have expected, from hearſay, I found a regular fiſh-market, and, on aſking where the original fabric of ſo many great and learned men once ſtood, was anſwered in a laugh, lord Sir, where have you lived all the days of your life? why there has not been any buſineſs done over-head, here, theſe fifty Years or more; there is a room indeed above, juſt kept through form ſake, and to entitle the ſecre-

tary, and other ſuch idle uſeleſs officers, to receive their ſalaries—I know no more.

But pray friend, continued he, where is the difference? I rather think it in favour of us now—our anceſtors, indeed, here, a century back, only dealt in cockle-ſhells, we ſell the very thing; if they had the back bone, or jaw of a ſturgeon, we have the ſolid fiſh, which, I think, is far better.—What is a lobſter's claw, compared to this ſprawling gentleman here? alive, alive, ho! and which is yours, if you want it, for a round ſhilling.

Then, turning about to the ſeveral paſſers to and fro, I heard nothing but, *Who'll buy? Who'll buy?* And this was all I could gain, or glean from this fellow of the Royal Society.—And ſo, having eat a few oiſters, I threw the ſhells through the broken windows of the room he mentioned, there to be preſerved for the honour of the houſe, among the other few relicks to be found there.

Shall I now, ſaid I, croſs the rubbiſh of ſo many uninhabited and deſolate ſtreets (as I found would be the caſe) to ſee the ſkeleton of a Muſæum? Yes, I'll venture it, though internally feeling a kind of what the French call a *preſſentiment*, that it was not worth the trouble.

This

This once magnificent building had been an almoſt royal hotel, belonging to the great ducal family of the Montagues, but, even ſo long as an hundred years back, the town had ſo changed its ſituation, that it was purchaſed by parliament, after long being empty, as a repoſitory for thoſe curioſities, which, by being brought into a point, might be rendered more worthy the name of a Muſæum, and, by obliging and entertaining foreigners (according to their ſeveral geniuſes) in the end, do honour to the country.

Scarce an electoral prince, or German duke abroad, but has a repoſitory of this kind; and it was long a ſcandal to this nation, that no ſuch proviſion was made before.

Well, imagine me then arrived at this famous ſpot of ſcience and intelligence, call'd the Muſæum: would you believe, that the gates were all hurdled up, to prevent cattle creeping through them, as the wood-work was ſo deſtroyed by time and riots? However, a venerable old porter, and penſioner of Chelſea (obſerve, an old ſoldier is the only man, who, by being uſed to ſtand centry, can remain long in a place, and therefore fitteſt for this office) ſhewed me a private door, by which he ſaid I might paſs to the

the only chamber of curioſities, if they were ſuch, now left unſold.

Sold! ſaid I, why aye, replied he, times were hard, many officers were kept here, who could not live, in their way, on the ſalaries they were to have, though, between friends, as originally intended, ſufficiently large for philoſophers and ſcholars, ſuch as they ought to have been, had party not interfered, and blockheads ſtepped in, which indeed has been the ruin of this place; but idle, eating citizens were made ſecretaries and keepers here, and, rather than quit their old way of life, few people coming to ſee the place, by which means the fraud was too late diſcovered, away went the Othos, the foſſils, and minerals, to purchaſe an haunch of veniſon in the ſeaſon, and bottles of Burgundy, forſooth, to waſh it down.

Picture to yourſelf, continued he, (I am ſtill but a menial ſervant, yet can I feel a little for the decay of a place, which my predeceſſors have informed me was ſo eminent once, and ſuch an honour to the nation) I ſay, only picture to yourſelf, how it muſt grieve an honeſt man to ſee a rich topaz of ſeveral ounces, here, parted with for as many ounces, almoſt of freſh butter, to greaſe the ſtomach of ſome voracious citizen, here, now raiſed to the honour of being

an

an officer in this houſe. Why, Sir, the leg of a phœnix (and no prince in Europe had a counterpart of ſuch an amazing curioſity) was ſold, to my knowledge, for a leg of a common gooſe, once. The cook's ſhop hard by, it being late at night, having nothing elſe—and this for a reliſher, forſooth, to one of the fraternity, who loved a bottle or ſo towards midnight—that, falling aſleep once, he burnt down one wing of the building. This, in the main, was of ſervice to the common cauſe, as the fraud was never diſcovered, that the valuables therein, pretended to have been burnt, had been long before parted with to butchers and bakers.

The twelve Cæſars were turned into a dozen of wine, and that, perhaps, not of the beſt.—A fine ſtatue of Venus commuted to current caſh, and that but a ſmall quantity too, perhaps the fourth of a guinea, paid a girl of the town for a night's lodging in this very houſe—I can ſwear to Belizarius fetching a few pence, with no leſs difficulty than the original did, when he opened his honeſt and tender hand to the hard heart of his own countrymen—And ſome of the very ſalt which Lot's wife left us (thanks to our Eaſtern travellers) went to a chandler's ſhop, to buy ſome of that Engliſh com-

commodity to corn a leg of mutton after the Weſtmoreland faſhion.

The man would fain have gone on, would his tears have permitted; as Anthony obſerves, *Sorrow is catching*, for I was ſo affected myſelf, I could aſk no more queſtions, nor hear any further anſwers—and ſo we parted.

Melancholy as the ſubjects of my letters are, yet do I hope the letters are in part pleaſing, as coming from the heart, no leſs than hand of

Yours, &c.

P. S. I forgot to mention that the garden, once a collection of valuable plants, is now a ſkittle-ground—boxing matches are fought here frequently. What ſays our friend Virgil?

Quis talia fando?

LETTER X.

LONDON.

WHEN I finiſh a letter, I often, when too late to recall it perhaps, think of ſomething which might have been added, and ſo pay you a ſecond literary viſit ſooner, as a man who forgets his hat, cane, gloves, or handkerchief, returns quicker than he intended, not ſo much for the

the real value of them, as to be aſcertained if he left them there or no.

This, then, goes ſome days ſooner, as I look on it a kind of poſtſcript to my laſt, for having forgot my pocket book at the Muſæum, I went back immediately, and my old friend, the porter, was not a little glad to ſee me, adding, I am now a kind of lord paramount here to day; unknown to me are all their engagements; but ſince I ſaw you, but an hour or two ago, all our ſecretaries and houſhold are gone to a cricket match, a few miles off, and I can now inform you of many things which, this morning, it would have been almoſt high-treaſon to mention, and then whiſpered me, though, Heaven knows, it can never be ſaid to be told in a whiſper, becauſe I think nothing was told at all.

When he ſpoke loud, I could articulately diſcover, that about a century ſince, when this eſtabliſhment was firſt royally and parliamentarily made, two brothers, the eldeſt a duke, uſed to govern the kingdom ſo deſpotically, that the then monarch uſed to call them his two kings, and that himſelf was little elſe than doge of Venice—ſo fond was he of ſhew (nay, even the *ſhew of power*, after the reality had left him) that it is known (whiſper again) for I was his grace's

porter

porter—he would inſiſt on noblemen and gentlemen ſending empty coaches, to make up the thunder of a levee (at a great hotel near Lincoln's inn, now a cabinet ware-houſe) and I, who knew the ſecret, was forced to open the gate and bow to the coronet—as if, really, the owner was within it.

Now, Sir, (whiſper again) theſe two men, it is ſaid—for I am only a lodger, as the Iriſhman tells us, and ſo can be poſitive of nothing—were the overthrow of this once flouriſhing nation; and, as power and government muſt go ſomewhere, am told the country you came from will have it next—it bids fair for it; what is that to me? if the French drive us out, I can be driven with the reſt—I warrant old Simkin, that was the droll fellow's name, will get his head into as good, if not better hole than this—and will be able to take the wrinkles out of his belly (a cant word for eating) in any part of the known world, or even *terra incognita*, if you come to that, (whiſper again) for though I ſay it, who, perhaps, ſhould not ſay it—and yet I do ſay it—I can, old as I am, give a Frenchman or Spaniard a knock where-ever I meet him.

Even in a little way, theſe ſame brothers were the ruin of this very houſe, inſtead of having ſecretaries who could write, read, do honour

honour to our country in a kind reception of ſtrangers, make liſts of manuſcripts, &c. &c. &c. we had the ſtupid couſins of parliament men, whoſe relations, male and female, were to do jobbs of the court, and, in ſhort (whiſper again) we fell to nothing—by degrees, the nation followed, and I think you made a ſimple errand of it to viſit us here, at a time when there was nothing to ſee but ruin and deſolation.

On the death of the then king, God bleſs his gracious memory, I think he was the ſecond in the Hanover line, a favourite ſtepped in, who acted worſe than any of his predeceſſors; he not only followed their ſteps, but ſtruck out another path himſelf. (Whiſper again) it was during his time, a raſcally peace was ſettled with our natural enemy of France, when we had them down, and might have kept them ſo.—From that moment they grew inſolent, ſent ambaſſadors over here, who laughed at us, ſaw through us, and grew ſtrong of courſe, from our weakneſs, (whiſper again) ſo that at market they underſold us in every article. In the field they out-numbered us, in the cabinet they out-witted us, and, in the affair of money, or money's worth, they outbribed us.

The

The king of thoſe days was young, (I forget the exact year) and eaſily miſguided by one, who, having taken every advantage of his infancy, and being of high prerogative principles, did of courſe inſtill theſe into him —— The *ſic jubeo ſic volco* was, at once, the law of the land; and, though a century before that time, a good but miſtaken king loſt his head, yet were there not wanting miniſters, who would undertake the moſt hazardous of all experiments to pleaſe this favourite (whiſper again) and judges who would make that abſolute law, what formerly they would have ſuffered for, after the ſame manner they ſince made others.

One thing I have heard, I am now ſpeaking againſt my own trade, that upon all occaſions of riots, the military was introduced, even when not half neceſſary, and when a few conſtables might have diſperſed them; but (whiſper again) then the courtiers could not have feigned reaſons to increaſe their force—ever diſagreeable to the nation; however happy they are to ſee their fleets well manned, and which they never grudge a plentiful ſupply for—as being, indeed, the natural ſtrength of the kingdom. The drawings and pictures, no leſs than printed books of that time, mention inſtances of murder

murder being connived at, when committed wantonly by the military: in ſhort, if we may believe the hiſtory of thoſe days, every thing we feel the want of now, is owing to the unhappy miſtakes a century ago, and which, like a broken conſtitution in the natural body, can never be entirely reſtored; however, by care and diet, and proper medicine, life may be rendered eaſy, 'till the time comes to lay it down.

America, Sir, would never have been the flouriſhing country it is, but from the ruins of this; from our rubbiſh they have laid the foundation of glorious fabrics. Heavens! (whiſper again) was I young, as I am healthy, nothing ſhould keep me here limping; and was I in your place, I would not ſtay a week, for, depend on it, there is as little to be ſeen elſewhere, as you have found here.

It is not my part (though I had a good ſchool and even college education, for, Sir, it was my frolickſome genius which made me ſeek the army) to enter into things which, no doubt, you know ſo much better; on the contrary, I ſeem as a weak ſimple pupil before a learned preceptor. But this I know, that under the name of a free parliament, there ſeems to be no part of their freedom left but that of voting as they pleaſe; and no other ſpecies of liberty, but

that poor one of forging their own chains, (whiſper again) and what can we expect otherwiſe? a ſtranger to the laws of his country in general, or the particular part of it, where he offers himſelf a candidate, at leaſt to the trade, cuſtoms, and manufactures thereof, gallops down Eaſt, Weſt, North, or South, carries a purſe with him larger than his neighbour can produce, and ſo gets the hearts of his conſtituents as to be choſe their repreſentative.

And who are theſe long-purſed gentry? the ſons of felons often, at leaſt of beggars, who, running nearer the ſun, get into golden climates, poſſeſs valuable jewels, often by cutting off the very finger of ſome Nabobkin, who wore the ring, and ſo, returning hence, become gentlemen and Eſquires at once. Then, if their wives are alive, for women in all countries love title, get to be knights or baronets; the next ſtep is Iriſh peerage, then into the houſe of lords here, and, by a few guineas well or ill beſtowed (no matter, prove a pedigree at the Herald's office, beyond any Welchman, or French count, and ſo, (whiſper again). But if you will do me the honour to call to-morrow, 'tis quite a leiſure day, and I will be that man you would wiſh—in the mean time we muſt part, or I ſhall be obſerved; to-

morrow

morrow I'll find a ſly corner. And ſo we parted, with a mutual promiſe of meeting again.

As you know my memory to be tolerable (though not ſo great as Cæſar's, who forgot nothing but injuries) you may almoſt depend upon this being the converſation between him, and

Your moſt, &c.

LETTER XI.

LONDON.

I Repeat to you what a treaſure I am poſſeſſed of in my old corporal, otherwiſe, I muſt have run over the whole ſcattered town, and often run the hazard of being deceived in intelligence, for what was here collected every day into one point.

The idea I had of a porter only, has long ſince been removed; and indeed, on enquiry, his ſalary and emoluments are not ſo trifling, though far inferior to the deſerts of a man, who, though by his youthful ſallies, he forfeited the future profits of his education, by not taking orders, or entering the army in ſuch a way as to riſe of courſe, with the aſſiſtance of a little money, (the curſed military cuſtom) yet did he ſtill retain the

beſt part, namely his retentive faculties and genius, to ſort properly all he had read and heard, through a long length of days.

Our meetings are now become more punctual, if poſſible, than thoſe of two lovers, and as ceremonies only belong to ſtrangers, or men of little breeding, we began immediately.

I remember, ſaid he, when the attack on Rochfort was firſt mentioned, I ſaid it would never do, when I heard the names, and knew the real characters of thoſe who were to head the enterprize; and as I had original papers and plans relative to the deſign, which, if not the moſt accurate, were better, I believe, than any they poſſeſſed; I offered to lay them before the m——y, and having no friend of conſequence to forward the plan, I boldly went to the great houſe, and thought my merits a ſufficient recommendation.—It ſhould be ſo in buſineſs.

I ſhould firſt have apprized you, that I had prepared the great man with a letter, ſignifying my intentions in the future viſit, and that as it was an affair of ſuch conſequence (and, of courſe, ſecreſy) I waved being introduced by any man of faſhion, as, in the very attempt to gain him, I muſt of courſe proſtitute my reaſons to ſeveral, and ſo the affair would become a proſtitue indeed.

The

The morning I went, I at leaſt expected to have been known, I mean my intended viſit; but, on the contrary, I was (after much uneaſy ſtanding and ſhifting of my legs) aſked to ſit by the hall fire, with an amphitheatre of footmen, who value viſitors always, according as they pay what they call the fees of honour.

After three hours ſpent in this melancholy way, the great man happening to paſs by, on his way to the garden (not on public affairs, of which he ever pretended ſuch a ſhare, as not to be ſeen in his coach or ſedan without a paper in his hand, though but a liſt of vain governors to any hoſpital) ſaw me, took me by the hand, aſked me how all friends in Suſſex did.—I am a Kentiſh man, or man of Kent, ſaid I, may it pleaſe your grace—Aye, well thought of, how does your brother, the clergyman, do, there? My brother is a tradeſman in London, ſaid I, in return—True, I remember now, and how does his trade go on? I can get him a good contract for boots and ſhoes for the army—My lord, unfortunately for him, he was a bellows-maker—Well, the artillery will want bellows—but now he is a wig-maker, and, unluckily, I find all the army are obliged to wear their own hair.—But, my lord, my viſit is quite of another kind,

it is not to aſk, but grant ſervices. I have brought the papers relative to the expedition againſt Breſt, which I mentioned in my letter, and am ready to be examined before any committee of the navy, the army, houſe of commons, or privy council.

Why, you muſt leave the papers with my ſecretary, I have all Europe's buſineſs on my poor ſhoulders, and cannot attend to ſuch trifles. At this, my choler roſe—What, my lord, is it a trifle to vulnerate our common enemy in ſo vital a part? Is it not better, by one ſo capital a ſtroke, to put an end to an expenſive war, and overthrow their preſent and future ſchemes, than to linger on as we do, campaigning it without conqueſt, and taking the field without taking any thing elſe; bleeding at every vein, 'till, at length, not a drop of blood will be left in our whole body? Why, Sir, I cannot enter into particulars now—you would pity me, did you know my exact ſituation—every thing on my poor head and heart; I bleed for my country—then the rogue wept—however, leave your papers, they ſhall be examined, and yourſelf amply rewarded.

Would you, as you ſeem now, a ſtudious and retired man, rather have a ſet of apartments at Windſor or Hampton? Perhaps, though as you are of an active turn,

Kenſing-

Kenſington would ſuit you better—true, you would then be nearer your friends, and the amuſements of London would recreate you, after hours of ſtudy and application. Well, leave your papers—Kenſington and a good penſion is the thing.

I was fool enough to do ſo: the papers were detained two years, at leaſt, and when I received them, were ſo daub'd and thumb'd, that it was almoſt impoſſible to diſcover what they ever had been. My rural apartments, whenever I applied for them, were juſt filled up: I was ever blamed for being an hour too late. And, in ſhort, a ſhameful peace proved we never meant to be heartily active, and I, at laſt, found every man, with only a ſingle vote for a diſtant borough, getting cloſet admittance at once, while I was kept in the hall among a brigade of raſcally footmen, and had that in my pocket all the time, which would have made the cabinet of Paris tremble.

As I have done with the world, for my candle, young gentleman, is almoſt extinguiſhed, thank heaven! I will let you have poſſeſſion of theſe papers, for ſome days at leaſt; and at my death, will leave them to you as a legacy; I ſeem to have nobody near me I ſo much value—'till that day arrives, I own I have ſome little pleaſure in overlooking

them, and fancying what might have been done, at leaſt, though never attempted.

And now can you wonder, with all this decay of virtue for near a century paſt, that our once flouriſhing city is in the unſightly ſituation you ſee it? am amazed it is not entirely erazed, like thoſe of Sodom and Gomorrah! and, from what I have proved in theſe trifles of mine, do imagine (and am left pretty ſhrewdly to gueſs) that many a public plan for the honour of the kingdom, and ſafety of the reigning family, has been laid aſide, merely becauſe they would not ſerve the particular perſon who preſented it, and who had no farther demerit than that his wife's couſin's brother, perhaps, voted againſt them and their cauſe, fifty years ſince—a fine reaſon truly.

A certain witty earl uſed to ſay, *He loved to viſit men out of power, becauſe they could not do him a miſchief.* I fear human nature, at leaſt that part which this country has to boaſt of, is ſuch; and that the purſuits after power (at the expence of health, wealth, conſcience, honour, &c. &c.) are more to puniſh enemies than reward friends.

But ſuppoſe (by way of change to our mutual ideas) that we poſtpone our next meeting for a week or ſo, you will then, by going about, ſee, with your own eyes, how far

far I am juſt or unjuſt in my characters of men and things, perhaps I may deceive you—In the mean time too, I ſhall be better able to collect my ideas, and better inform you—take my advice, and I will write to you when our next meeting ſhall be.

I was not ſorry, my dear friend, for the hint he gave me, my next will be from the obſervation of my eyes, 'till then,

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

LONDON.

NOTHING makes a man ſo true to his appointment, next to curioſity, as intereſt; I know not where I could have found ſuch a living hiſtory as in my old corporal—and, as one of the conſpirators in Shakeſpear's Cæſar ſays, (when he puſhed to have the elder Cinna of their party) *His ſilver hours will purchaſe us a good opinion.* So was I ſo truly prejudiced in favour of this perſon, that I was tempted to believe every article he advanced.

Imagine

Imagine me, then, in the octagon room, before even the door was opened—Trim (I will call him ſo in the courſe of theſe letters) had given me the hint not to wait long at the outward door, the better to avoid ſuſpicion (the daily ſuſtenance of poor and vulgar minds) but to walk up boldly, and if I did not ſee him, to feel for the key in a little cunning corner, beſt underſtood between us, and which I was prevented doing, this time, at the inſtant I had intended it, by the ſudden and unexpected appearance of my worthy Mentor.

Chairs ranged, table fixed, pen and ink at hand, I took the liberty, as I had his leave now for ſo doing, to give him the clue of our intended ſubject—and begged to know of him the cauſe of ſuch a general decay in religion, inſomuch that, as I had obſerved in paſſing, ſcarce a church but had its tower in ruins; nor did I hear the voice of prayer hardly any where, but in boarded tabernacles.

Trim, then, wiping his eyes with the corner of his coat, for he wept at the queſtion, began thus:

The deſire which poor people in this country have of ſeeing one, or perhaps their only ſon, a gentleman, makes them endure patiently any difficulties to breed their darling a clergyman. The ſchoolmaſter (next

to his ignorant nurſe) is the inſtigation of this—proving, if ſwearing can bring it ſo about, that Bobby is a great genius, and muſt (if bred to the church) be a pillar thereof.

Accordingly, he eats and drinks himſelf into degrees, and having taken the firſt, thinks it high time to declare an inviſible inſpiration, and ſo gets ordained, that he may be in the way of picking up a penny, as a re-imburſement for the expence of ſuch a length of education.

With an *Whole-duty-of-man* viſage, and a *country-pious-penſioner* wig, he ſets off for London—and, like a true apoſtle, without ſcrip or purſe—ſleeps at the old inn in Holborn, runs in debt even to the poor ſhoe-black, and being hard puſhed, frequents that office of church intelligence, where, by conſenting to pay pawnbroker's intereſt, he gets a liſt of thoſe idle clergy who hate morning and evening prayers, and ſo, as every recruiting ſerjeant ſays, enters into good pay and free quarters.

After ſpouting the Litany about twelve times each day, he begins to find, that not the toil, but confinement of fixed hours, is his greateſt misfortune.—As, for inſtance, now he wants to ſee (as being a ſtranger in town) the guard relieved at St James's, and hear

hear a kind of flying concert for nothing; no, the fates forbid—and he muſt be in St. Giles's deſk (ready ſurpliced) exactly at that unlucky hour. Again, at four, he would wiſh to ſee Garrick figure away in Macbeth —and the houſe will be brim full, running over, in a few minutes after door opening—No, he muſt be in St. Andrew's burial ground exactly at that inſtant; and, as every dirty carpenter of an undertaker looks upon himſelf as commanding officer over a poor itinerant clergyman, the divine meſſenger of the goſpel is detained in the back room of an ale-houſe, two hours extraordinary, becauſe, forſooth, one of the chief mourners had an auction to get rid of firſt, before he could weep for his departed friend.

Tired of this attendance and dependance, he is now a candidate for a lecture-ſhip; hoiſts a new wig, and mounts a ſet of freſh robes on the occaſion—tick for that; but this he had been uſed to—he loſes it by a vote, is arreſted, and ſo, immediately (as being a man of genius) inliſts himſelf in the ſervice of ſome Pater-noſter-row prince of villainy, begins annotations to a new bible, and, at laſt, his works come among that liſt of preſerved curioſities of bibles I mentioned.

By

By such a blot in his escutcheon, observe, he never runs higher than a Jamaica parish, or, if he will linger after home, gets, at most, the deputy chaplaincy of some regiment—and, by these means, becomes neither officer or clergyman—but a kind of amphibious priest, following St. Paul to a tittle, and being *all things to all men.*

Thus he will swear with those who swear, drink with those who drink—nay, even pray with her (and there it is an office he admires) who wants private genu-flexion and closet divinity.

Thus, by taking the wrong path, few men of genius ever gain that step on preferment's ladder, which would make them heard with attention, and feared by example—for, if once he had real preferment, he must play the hypocrite, and whatever he privately thinks, in public practice only what is right, or the war kettle (as I call it) will boil, and all the old women of the parish will tear him to pieces—at least his reputation, which is worse torture, perhaps, than St. Andrew's cross and hot pincers.

Another cause of the decay in Christianity of late years, nay, for this century past, is, that advowsons, and next presentations, are purchased for fools, and fools of course enjoy them—The very moment he is ready,

(nay,

(nay, often before, as thoſe things are but too frequently ſettled by churchmen in the cloſet) a pulpit is ready for him, his copied divinity is immediately believed, becauſe he can ſtamp it with the indelible mark of veniſon and claret. Nobody outwardly diſbelieves or oppoſes a gentleman at the head of his own table. What a ſanctification of paltry knowledge in divinity is a flowing bowl? The punch and theology of ſuch an hoſt are ſwallowed with equal guſt.

Our ſubject grows ſo copious, ſaid old Trim, that I muſt beg you, for the preſent, to commit on paper what I have told you for this time, and to take a walk or two round our quondam garden, 'till I go down ſtairs to regulate ſome trifles there, in the way of my office; my ſtay ſhall be no longer than while you minute down what has paſſed, and I'll engage my next diſh of eccleſiaſtical politics ſhall be a ſtanding one, and ſo adieu for an hour, at fartheſt.

I was not ſorry for a little relief, and have ſince learnt, his politeneſs was often the occaſion; for, on enquiry, (not knowing whether tobacco might not be offenſive to me) he ſecreted himſelf under the maſk of private buſineſs, to ſmoke a private pipe. Be happy, ſaid I.

By this liberty I have obtained of chuſing my own ſubjects, I ſhall, my dear friend, be a better correſpondent, and wiſh for nothing more, than to merit your kind attention in every thing which chance or induſtry may put in the power of

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

LONDON.

WITHOUT any preamble, as we daily grow more and more intimate, my corporal, this morning, at once reſumed the thread of his diſcourſe, and began.

Another cauſe of the intire overthrow in religion here, a century ſince, and which never could get its head up again, was the m——r tying down each biſhop to keep his choice ſugar-plum places of preferment, for thoſe who voted according to his own meaſures.

By theſe means, the leading man in any borough, ſuppoſing his ſon ever ſuch a blockhead, was ſure of that preferment, on his taking orders; which led immediately

to

to a mitre: ſuch as a dignity in ſome country or town cathedral—while, according to that line of Pope, he learns

"To tatter'd crape, the drudgery of prayer."

The nobility now too, who once ſlighted the profeſſion of the black-art, began to feel the ſecrets of it, had bred their youngeſt ſon, at leaſt, to the trade—ſure of beginning well by being chaplain in ordinary at once—a ſub-almoner, or deputy clerk of the cloſet—Feathers as theſe are, yet, if their quills are well ſhaped, they will write a fair hand; even ſuch as majeſty ſhall read at their leiſure, if ever they read at all.

But the ſect of paſſion-movers, I mean the Methodiſts, helped, more than all, to throw our ſteeples down to the ground. The indolence of our then clergy, reading other people's ſermons, which theſe preached extempore, and, of courſe, more nobly ſtruck on the right chord of each paſſion, was a clencher to thoſe opinions which were formed (and not unreaſonably) of religion in general—and I was prophet enough to tell my tutor ſo near fifty years ago, for which he never forgave me, but ſecretly boſomed (nobody, as is the adage, being ſo vindictive as a churchman) that revenge which appeared

appeared ſome months afterwards in ruſtication, and from thence to expulſion.

It was then I ſought the oppoſite extreme of the army, and, having a mathematical head, was determined to wave that intereſt I had, or to make uſe of the money I then could command, to gain a commiſſion diſhonourably, ſo I entered as a private man. My pay I never touched, but laid it out in books of gunnery and fortification, to inſtruct intirely the corporals and ſerjeants; but even the officers, who, many of them (mean and with old college debts, or with the load of a family) would not be at the expence of a preceptor, or even the poor apparatus I was maſter of.

At hours from buſineſs I taught the young recruits thoſe foreign exerciſes which books, tranſmitted from abroad and re-publiſhed here, explained to me. But I ſeem too familiar in my own praiſes, and moſt of my comrades being dead, the truth can hardly be known by any contemporaries—But believe me, Sir, that though I laid a ſcheme for taking Breſt, and proved it ſo feaſible as to be adopted, yet, as I never obtained any thing higher than a corporal's knot, and all, forſooth, becauſe my couſin's wife's uncle voted againſt the m——r in a famous election.

Such was the ſituation of the army then, at preſent I fear it is no better. The ſum of family money I then poſſeſſed, at full age, was ſunk in thus being a volunteer, which, had it been early applied, would have ſecured my firſt commiſſion; and, like others, I ſhould then have ſtepped on quickly, could I have brook'd voting myſelf, or gaining votes, for the favourite or his miniſter—I don't recall the word, Sir, I ſay his miniſter—for I have long ſince ſeen, known, and proved, that kings, all over Europe, are merely the round O, which gives the figure its conſequence.

After my expulſion (ſo great was my thirſt for military knowledge) I even entered the ſervice of the maſter general of the ordnance, merely to catch hold of an apparatus *gratis*, which my poor purſe could never put me in poſſeſſion of—But alas! to my great ſurpriſe, inſtead of ſeeing a gallery ſet apart for globes, quadrants, and the neceſſary tools of ſuch a military ſtudy, I found only a window-ſeat ſtudy, conſiſting of an odd volume or two of the Spectators, a few occaſional plays, the laſt collection of Vauxhall ſongs, and a few fiddle-ſtrings tied round an old German flute.

This great officer, I found, had no leſs than five boroughs at his command—No wonder

wonder he ſo early then ſucceeded to ſuch a poſt—but I remember, as a clincher to his character, that Bland's military diſcipline, Muller on fortification, and other books of equal uſe and character, lay on his table with the leaves not opened, though I found they had been bought near three years.

What improvements, Sir, could I not have made, back'd with ſo much leiſure as *maitre d'hotel* is ſuppoſed to have, and really has—joined to my own inclination, and thoſe abilities even my enemies allowed me, at that bright day of youth—for all they could alledge againſt me was, that I was idle and buckiſh; but this did not, in any ſhape, impeach my abilities.

I believe it was ſix months that I lived with this great officer, and on taking my departure was juſt as wiſe as I entered, allowing only for what I gleaned, by daring to open the leaves of theſe ſo long neglected books.

But it was during this ſeaſon that I laid before him (as I had been young at an academy near it) a plan of taking the harbour and citadel of Breſt. I proved to him, by plans taken on the ſpot, that an inſurmountable weakneſs remained, which nature had deſigned, and which my friends (who aſſiſted me in the undertaking) had

pointed out to me, myſelf being too young to make ſuch ſentimental obſervations.

My plans, approved by him, were, as he ſaid, laid before the then king, who was military wiſe and virtuous. But alas! tho' the ſcheme, by a d—n'd peace (that of Fontainbleau I mean) was laid aſide, I found I never ſhould have had the leaſt advantage by it, for my worthy and noble maſter had given in the plan as his own, and my name never was once mentioned in it. You know the old ſaying, *ſic vos non vobis.*

Why I call it (begging their honours pardon, who were the carpenters who formed it) a d—n'd peace, is, becauſe, when we had driven the French into a corner, and they were down on bended knees, we gave them their own terms; and then—but let us poſtpone this affair 'till another time, as I muſt refer to ſome private papers for that information, ſo neceſſary to ſuch diſcoveries—ſo adieu for the preſent.

And, pray am I not happy in finding ſuch a friend? Make me no leſs ſo, by accepting this my intelligence with the ſame warmth I offer it: and

Believe me

Yours.

LETTER XIV.

LONDON.

THE mental entertainment my invalid friend and ally gave me, as I mentioned in my laſt, was ſuch, that you may imagine I was not impunctual to my ſecond viſit—more eſpecially as it was of his own appointing.

Accordingly, I met him as he was ſtanding at the door to wait my arrival, by way of privacy; for, added he (and which, by-the-bye, is the reaſon I am in no higher ſtation) I ever was ſtiled a chattering party-mad fellow, or elſe I ſhould not have been expelled from college ſo ſoon, but have been a good Methodiſt preacher, perhaps, at the worſt, and filled my pockets from the half-penny diſh—as others do, and will do, while the majority of human nature is inclining to folly—in other words, novelty and ſuperſtition.

My old Mentor, I will call him ſuch while we are thus together, and I am his pupil—had me up ſeveral back ſtairs, through many private apartments, 'till at laſt we reached, as he called it, the haven of reſt.

It was a ſmall octagon room, overlooking the once hills of Hamſtead and Highgate, now metamorphoſed to ſquares and princely ſtreets—No ſooner had we entered, but he ſaid, in his uſual droll accent, "The devil "may overlook Lincoln, and I believe he "does, but I'll defie him, with the help of "his friend Foote, to inſpect us in this "retreat."

Some little ceremonies adjuſted, he began. Am ſorry to rob you of that ſhare of converſation your rank and knowledge muſt naturally command; but as my memory is not ſo ſtrong as ſome thirty years ſince, nor my faculties ſo lively—as you may well imagine—therefore, Sir, permit me only to go on in a chain of my own making, and don't break a link by any interruption, and I will engage to ſpeak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, ſo help me this: on which he took a bumper of that liquor, which, being coloured, would be called a cordial—but in its plain ſtate and condition, was neat brandy.

You muſt know, Sir, the buſineſs of this nation being carried on by numbers, and not the reaſon of the thing; the court never conſider the juſtice or the merit of any cauſe, or how the populace (which, in fact, ought to be a little attended to) reliſh ſuch

or

or ſuch a point in queſtion—on the contrary, 'tis aſked how the king's ſcholars, as we call them, carried it—by what majority, and whether the oppoſite party are ſick of the affair.

Now, for inſtance, ſhould it thunder, and the court had a mind to prove it otherwiſe, great debates would ariſe of courſe, the nature and dreadful conſequences of thunder would be explained by the country or patriotic party; immediately the oppoſition prove it was the noiſe of wheel-barrows on the roof of the houſe, ſome workmen being then buſy in repairing it; when it being put to the vote, it ſtood—for the

Wheel-barrows	340
Thunder - -	45

So the wheel barrows had it, hollow too, as the gentlemen of the turf call it. Why, Sir, I have known things ten times more ſtrange and prepoſterous practiſed every hour; which made the witty lord Wharton (when the whole bench of *right reverend fathers in God* had all forſworn themſelves on a certain affair well known in hiſtory) ſay—That he knew but two things out of the reach of an Engliſh parliament—one was to make a man a woman—and the

other, to frame an oath which a prieſt would not ſwallow.

This was, as I have been told, on the expulſion of biſhop Atterbury, above an hundred and fifty years ſince; the then miniſter, Sir R——, was jealous of this great divine's abilities in the upper ſchool, and knowing that he ſhould ever be oppoſed by ſuch ſuperior talents of head, and inſurmountable integrity of heart—immediately ſet his wits to work how to get him out of the kingdom.

What can't a miniſter do? who knows he is to have a freſh reward for every freſh undertaking; and who alſo knows, that he is ſtrengthened below by every force of votes, money, troops, and each ſpecies of hirelings. However, this point was carried, private letters were to be examined by an office and proper officers, erected for that purpoſe, called a Decypherer's—and here party run ſo high, that his explanation of each paragraph was to be goſpel—and it was goſpel, accordingly.

Now I'll ſuppoſe, for inſtance, I wrote to you to get me a pair of Morocco ſlippers, immediately this divine officer ſwears that this has a political meaning, and means ſupplying the emperor of Morocco with money, ſo that he may live without being beholden

to

to Gibraltar, for taking off proviſions from his country.

Soon after this I ſend to you for a Dutch dog, or a ſett of Delft ware—immediately the council meet at midnight (and the full of the moon) when the proper officers being introduced, 'tis their opinion, ſanctified by divine authority, that the States of Holland are ſignified typically under theſe expreſſions.

Again I want, by the firſt ſhip, and firſt opportunity, a dozen of Burgundy or Champaign, to regale a friend or two. No ſooner do I write this letter, but of courſe it is intercepted before it reaches the poſt-office—my ſervant being a ſpy on me, and ſo employed by this miniſter—and this being read moſt ſolemnly, as ſolemnly is it declared, that I mean the regiments of Burgundy and Champaign are to be the vanguard of the intended invaſion: this being meant under the words firſt ſhip and firſt opportunity.

'Tis in vain to add any more proofs of ſuch unaccountable methods of proceeding; but this I know, that ever ſince the expulſion of this great man, merely from his ſuperiority of genius, they are determined never to have but one conjurer in the whole knot, and he is the decypherer I ſpeak of.

The

The miniſter gloried in his conqueſt, of courſe—the good biſhop quitted his temporalities and ſpiritualities like a man and a Chriſtian, adding, *The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord!*

But I forgot one anecdote to the honour of a young member of the houſe, at that time, who oppoſed, with all his eloquence, the attainder of this good and great man. In the courſe of his debate he obſerved, with equal degree of juſtice and wonder, that his brethren of the law were more eager in his perſecution than any other, and that this deſcended, of courſe, to the dregs of the clergy. Is it not (I have often read the ſpeech in my old tutor's room, when I meant to be a ſcholar and a gentleman, but was ſeduced by ill company) ſtrange, ſaid he, that men ſet apart, by their profeſſion, for mercy and forgiveneſs, ſhould be the firſt in the chaſe of perſecution here? But they certainly follow thoſe miſtaken notions of the poor Indians, who think, when they have murdered a good man, they inherit his good qualities.

But, however, they robbed this good man of his liberty—they could not of his virtues—and though they baniſhed him his native country, yet could they not baniſh from him his

his merits—he died with these as he had lived—adored for them when in being, and reverenced for them no less in the grave. In short, trifling as many m———l persecutions may seem at first to particulars, they, in the end, fall heavy on the nation in general. And I know not whether the teazings and oppositions of one Wilkes, near a century past, is not the cause of some disturbance in the minds of men, even now.

But happiness is never compleat, for I see by that coach bending this way that I must descend—and, perhaps, be detained an hour or two—too long for you to wait; but, as you know the way now, call when you like—it cannot be too often. When it rains, and you are not better employed, pass this way—I'm an Englishman, though the country seems to have left us. Farewell then, for the present—to-morrow will be a new day (with us at least) and yet, some how or other, every day seems the same.

I took my hat, gave him my hand, promised to see him to-morrow, if possible—if not—the first fair day, and fairer opportunity.

The sooner this happens, the sooner (as the result ever pleases you) will it ever please

Your affectionate.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

LONDON.

SORRY as I was, in one reſpect, to loſe the ſociety of my good friend the corporal; yet time will end (which lord Bolingbroke calls the phyſician of brutes) was alſo mine—as I ſoon diſcovered his reaſons. The few members left in their ſociety began to be jealous; not of the diſcourſe we held, had they really known it, but from a fear of what we might have entertained ourſelves with, relative to their frauds and abuſes; for I learnt that, but a few days ſince, they had a feaſt, where a diſh of peas only, came to three pounds three ſhillings; and this was extracted from a ſett of medals (and a perfect one) of the upper empire. No wonder then my ſo politic friend gave the hint (though ſo properly concealed) as hardly to be diſtinguiſhed.

My firſt viſit then was to the Tower of London; on entering, I found the lions were, long ſince, gone to the dogs—but the keeper of them had a pretty fine-cure of it, and held it *in commendam*, with a commiſſionerſhip of ſome public office.

My

My disappointment here would have been lucky, as to myself, but having some ladies with me; they can't bear any baulk to their fancy, and frequently, as it appeared afterwards, they lamented not having seen the dear, dear lions!

Observe, my visit was to examine records; but the ladies where I lodged, who had so often rallied me for going abroad alone, as they called it, in other words, without them, now clung to me like ivy, which, as lord Bolingbroke observes in his Letters on Banishment, may be ornamental to the tree, but in time destroys it; for already I find myself lickt in for a day's coach-hire, three carriages, a tavern dinner, and most likely an opera for the evening.

While I delivered them into the hands of a young cousin of mine, to draw them off from the serious path I was treading, in order to let them tread the flowery one of pleasure, (such as seeing crowns, sceptres, &c. &c. &c.) I ran, my allotment of time being short, to see, what I ever esteemed most curious, the records of such an amazing kingdom as this must once have been; but, on interrogating some of the old wardens, whom I was forced to commit a violence on, by first waking them, before I could get an answer, I found that all papers of this kind had,

had, long ſince, been tranſported to America, he foreſeeing it would be, ſome future day, become the *ſeat of empire*; and do believe, (ſaid the old velvet-headed Cerberus) that it will ſoon be the caſe; yet my fear is, they will not accept our king to rule them, but chuſe one of their own: by which means we, who bought in, at a ſevere price too, ſhall loſe our bread; for, no doubt, their king will chuſe his own body-guard.

There are a collection of papers (ſaid he) ſtill.—How far they are of uſe to a ſpeculative man, like your honour, I know not.—If you chuſe to ſee them, this is the key.—Open the door, and ſatisfy your curioſity.—From the quantity of vermin, which I hear is in the chamber, I am afraid to go in.—Why, Sir, there are rats, properly Norway ones, but, out of deriſion, called Hanover, who would eat us up alive—emblematical (this in a whiſper though) of ſome folks from that country, who have moſt unbounded appetites.—Well, I care not who hears me—I bought in, and have no obligation to any courtier, though, G-d forgive me, I did much of their dirty work for twenty years and more.

Why, Sir, I was in the exciſe, and planted in a part of the country, where elections were generally carried on with ſtrange oppoſition

position—a vehemence of party ſcarce to be deſcribed, and which has, in fact, been the ruin of this once-glorious country. Would you believe it, Sir? I have had letters from a lord, to run about from houſe to houſe, and ſpread whiſpers to the diſparagement of good men, and the praiſe of thoſe I knew to be the blackeſt of all men on the face of the earth; yet, if this was not done, out we muſt go, perhaps with diſgrace—I mean that kind of diſgrace, as would prevent a man getting his bread in any other way. But this commiſſion of ſlandering was only local here. When the court had a mind to make an admiral or a general officer odious to the whole kingdom, in a minute, away went the *lettres de cachet*, as the French call them, and every village of England, in leſs than ten days, was ready to do the dirty work of beſpattering.

In leſs than twenty-four days the ſame reached Scotland, to the extremeſt fir-tree, and Ireland even in the centre of a bog.

What ſhall we ſay!--Look on the Thames, Sir!—Why, in my little memory of fifty years, a man could hardly ſee the oppoſite ſhore for groves of ſhipping. Where is there a veſſel now larger than a fiſhing ſmack? Even the ferry here, farmed in my memory

at ſome hundreds a year, now ſcarce pays the man his daily bread. In ſhort, Sir, I ſhould not ſpeak ſo openly, but that I am in treaty about the ſale of my idle place here, and with the purchaſe-money I mean, old as I am in years, though young perhaps in your underſtanding, to paſs over to that country, which I hear will beſt put me in mind of Old England—I mean New England.

Why, Sir, without trade, what ſhall we be? Proviſions high, taxes inſupportable, and rents above double their value, which encreaſe lodgings in proportion. Sure I am we muſt ſink to nothing, and indeed it is near the low-water mark now.

Manufactures, as you know, no doubt, (for you ſeem the merchant all over) muſt be cheaply wrought, or markets will be overſtocked by thoſe countries, who have equal ſkill, and who can live for half the expence: that nation will, aſſuredly, get an univerſal trade firſt, who can ſooneſt and eaſieſt ſupply the demands of its inhabitants; and I will own (for I know the country—having travelled, in my youth, as ſteward to a young nobleman) that the lot of a poor man (I mean a working one) is happier in any country than in England—I mean with regard to the neceſſaries of life.

If

If I work in Germany, my drink is good Rheniſh—here, muſt I pay as much for a quart of mud, as would buy me three of that comforting wine. In France I have oil, wine, and of courſe vinegar—can I ſtarve, then? No! 'tis luxury, Sir, if my garden affords me a ſallad, and my oven a good loaf—compared to a draught of *whiſtle belly* ſmall beer, here, and a lettuce with only a little dry ſalt.

In compenſation for all this, I am told, I live in a land of liberty—What is this boaſted liberty? If I either ſpeak, or write my thoughts (not that I think myſelf capable of either) away muſt I march to Newgate! be attached to convict myſelf—in other words, have an inquiſition to ſit on me, and be aſked queſtions I know no anſwers to, and yet muſt find them.

Well, Sir, there is no end of this ſubject—and do ſuppoſe you are maſter of every part of it—Therefore! I repent, if you chuſe to go into the vermin-chamber, this is your paſſport—But, on my word, I can't pretend to follow or accompany you. But it will abate your curioſity a little, when I tell you, that all the records, here, are weekly papers, and periodical works—ſeized about a century ago! And, among them,

ſome books in better condition than one would expect, called the Political Regiſter.

Why this happened, was owing to its excellent compoſition, which made ſome gentlemen often go up to read it—And, taking a fancy to the performance, they gave orders to have them contained in a ſtrong iron cheſt—They are the beſt hiſtory of thoſe times, and, as it is a century ſince, we are left to judge, how the firſt ſeeds were ſown of thoſe unlucky fruits, which poiſoned poſterity ſo univerſally ever ſince.

But your ladies I ſee have quitted the ſhew-rooms, as I call them. I have a brother who is porter at the Muſæum, I wiſh you would call on him; he will enlarge on the ſubject—for he has time and wit at will.

My warder was happy when he found I knew him—Then, whiſper'd—But! one and the other of us, depend upon it, truth will come out—and ſo we parted for the preſent.

Don't you think I am in luck, my dear friend! to meet with ſuch living dictionaries—Let me but live in your friendſhip, ſtill, and no man is happier than

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

LONDON.

WHAT a magazine of magazines, and other ſuch lumber, muſt I have pioneered, by removing ſuch quantities of rubbiſh, had I not met with theſe two brothers to give me ſuch living information. I declare! of an unfortunate, I ſeem to think myſelf a fortunate man—Unfortunate! to take ſuch a *wild-gooſe* journey to ſee nothing—And yet, fortunate, to meet with thoſe who could tell me what had been—And, indeed! the motto for the city arms ſhould be *fuimus*.

I had now a mind to ſee into the nature of trade a little—And the firſt morning of leiſure, which was the preſent one, I entered a linen-draper's ſhop, partly to buy ſome trifle—chiefly to enquire into the riſe and progreſs of that ſtaple manufacture, if not in this yet in a neighbouring iſland.

On entering the ſhop (I beg his pardon, 'twas a warehouſe) I expected ſomebody or other would have accoſted me in the way of intereſt, *with a what do you chuſe to buy?* or at leaſt politeneſs to know, if I did not want to find the number of any particular houſe, the perſon who dwelt there, or the name of ſome adjacent ſtreet.

But in the centre of the ſhop (blunder again, for it is a warehouſe—Yet, if I miſtake again, you know my meaning) one of the partners in a ſurplice, like a ſinging man of ſome cathedral, was ſitting in a kind of *tooth-pick* way, with a magazine in his hand—and ſaid, Sir, when I am out of this neceſſary man's hands, I will call one of my apprentices to ſerve you.

In a few minutes he ſtruck with his foot (by the bye one ſhould think he might have done this before, as his *ſaid foot* was not far from him) and a livery ſervant appearing, laced like a *pariſh-beadle*, he ſaid, call Mr. Thomſon; Sir, replied the ſervant, he is in the middle of his leſſon with Mr. *Degiardini*—Well! then anſwered the maſter, bid Mr. Atkins come; Sir, anſwered the ſervant again, he is gone to the *riding-houſe*, and 'twill be two hours ere he returns, as I know he will call at the fencing ſchool.

Is this, ſaid I (to myſelf tho') the ſyſtem of trade in general, or only a particular part of it? or is this rather the ſpot of ground where my anceſtors (many of them at leaſt) raiſed ſuch fortunes by induſtry, by patrimony, by perſeverance?

On the maſter of the ſhop's quitting the hands of his griſſeur; he ſaid, Sir, am ſorry

ſorry to leave you, thus—but one of our theatres opens to-night. The four managers have had a pamphlet war all the vacation—and now we ſhall ſee who is in the right or the wrong—'tis expected they will all make their appearance, and ſpeak different prologues or apologies to the town—In ſhort, Sir, the houſe is expected to be full almoſt before the doors open—To-morrow I will ſerve you with any thing you want. At preſent, *Je ſuis votre tres*—You ſpeak French, no doubt! Adieu! *Mon ami—à revoir—à revoir—à revoir.*

Shall I now, ſaid I, give over any further purſuits of this kind, by ſuppoſing all tradeſmen of this age are alike? or, ſhall I once more prick in the lottery-book, and take my chance of a blank? I will try once more.

I entered now a very different branch of buſineſs—'twas a cheeſemonger's. I expected, as was the caſe formerly, to have found an induſtrious, hard-fiſted fellow, in a blue apron and white night-cap—But, alas! he had a bag-wig and ſolitaire—His ſhirt was lengthened with laced ruffles—And on his finger was a jarcle (as Othello has it) *richer than all his tribe.*

As I was determined to take down this important cypher of a fellow, I aſked him

for an *half-pennyworth* of cheeſe—then I was anſwered with a bell-ringing, and not a very ſlight one. On which a black foot-boy came—His maſter ſaid, Nero, take the gentleman's half-penny—round a bit of cheeſe exactly to the dimenſions of it, and then go to clean the plate again.

My cane languiſhed to ſmooth his behaviour a little—but, as I ſtill found a certain place remained, called the Crown Office, I walked ſlowly out—ſaying nothing to avoid a *Libel*, but *Oh! Tempore! Oh! Mores!*

What, ſaid he! do you call me a trumpery fellow, and my wife, a whore? I can prove both a libel—You ſhall be attached to anſwer it—'Tis the ſhort way of dealing with ſuch impertinents—You ſhall not have the privilege of a jury.

And what, anſwered I, has the nation loſt that beſt of its liberties? My anceſtors, Sir, ſtruggled above a century paſt, to maintain that privilege at the expence of blood, much more treaſure—And—

I was now agreeably interrupted with a ſmile from my quondam antagoniſt—who, having looked hard at me, took me by the hand—and in another tone, replied——

If any of your anceſtors ſtruggled for liberty—and, more particularly to defend trials by juries, I honour you as their deſcendant

dant—To tell you the truth, as I ſerve two lord *chief juſtices*, one of the tables at court, and ſeveral of its dependants, I am taught to talk in this way, ſorely againſt my will tho'—was I to pretend to a ſingle ray of patriotiſm, I ſhould not only loſe all this cuſtom, but never get in a farthing of my court debt, which is now at leaſt nine quarters in arrears—once let me give them a receipt in full, and they may ſend for their milk (as we ſay) to the cow-houſe—Lord, Sir, for your complexion beſpeaks from whence you came—what could poſſeſs you to come into ſuch a ſunk and ſtill ſinking country as this? Could I but once get off my little ſtock in trade, Old England ſhould never ſee me again—Don't imagine, Sir, the idle dreſs I wear is an affair of choice. I have pictures of my anceſtors who are plain as tradeſmen ought—but, if I was unlike my neighbours, no ſoul would enter my ſhop—I ſhould be called the odd fellow—the anti-deluvian merchant—Obſerve, Sir, we are all merchants, now, and every ſhop is a warehouſe—Obſerve my neighbour over the way, ſhe has ſcarce three yards of ribbon, or more than three caps in her window; and yet it is called the *Cap-Warehouſe*—But, Sir, jeſting apart, if I have offended you, I aſk your pardon ſeriouſly—And, if you'il do me the

favour to paſs an evening here, ſome day this or next week, I will obliterate, by future kindneſs, all former rudeneſs, and explain to you (well as I can) how things are as you ſee them.

My ſtay, I fear, anſwered I, is too ſhort in London, to admit of ſuch an interview—nor can I ſo well reconcile to myſelf, how you can ſo ſoon be, as Falſtaff calls it, a *Double Man*—But, if poſſible! No leſs to ſhew you how I can riſe ſuperior to ſuch unpoliteneſs—Your very friends would confeſs as much—and, at the ſame time, to liſten to that inſtruction, I want, and would fain receive at your hands—I will endeavour to ſee you.

The ſooner the better, ſaid he, with a ſmile—If England has left me, I have not left it—Nay! indeed, whenever I do, my heart, and independant ſpirit, ſhall go with me—To a particular friend, like yourſelf, I can be, and will be, the Engliſhman; but, to the town, here, I may as well refuſe putting up lights on a party-day, as appear to them the man I appear to you.

We now parted—the day was too far ſpent to admit of further viſits of this kind—Nay! indeed, I was led to imagine the ſearch was equally idle thro' the whole town—for, as I walked home, I found every tenth warehouſe,

houſe, as they call it, a muſic one—The windows clouded with new ballads, guitars, German flutes, *Viols D'Amore*, &c. &c. &c. inſomuch, that I could hardly diſcern whether the place was inhabited or not.

Before I conclude this, let me thank you for the kind punctuality of all your anſwers —At the ſame time, congratulating you on the recovery of your health from ſo violent a fit of illneſs as you have repreſented it.

If life is worth enjoying, 'tis with the tenure of good health, that you may enjoy both, for the ſake of yourſelf and friends, is the ardent wiſh of

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

LONDON.

ON the neareſt inſpection, what with my two old brothers at the Tower and Muſæum, and I find the ſame from my good friend and ally the cheeſemonger, its decay, nay abſolute ruin of this country, was much owing to the race of lawyers there,

were all attached to anſwer certain interrogatories, who taught this bird to ſay ſuch treaſonable words (for it was then no leſs dangerous to attack or defame a lawyer, than majeſty itſelf—So aggrandized was their power!) when after *three years* ſevere impriſonment, becauſe they could not anſwer all their queſtions, which they ſaid was contempt of court, and that they would not it came out; the parties were innocent, and that the parrot heard a lawyer himſelf ſay the words, as he paſſed to Weſtminſter, and having approved, got them by heart.

The maſter, by impriſonment, got a confirmed dropſy—the wife hanged herſelf—one of the apprentices is ſubject to fits ever ſince—and the maid has the palſy in both legs.

A family, thus ruined, had no redreſs—A writ of error, indeed, was offered to the Houſe of Lords—But as that was called, paying *money for moon-ſhine*, the parties ſat down with the loſs—and it was no common one; as their buſineſs, their health, their friends, and every thing valuable to them, in this life, was truly loſt to them.

But I am well informed, that, for certain reaſons, beſt known to themſelves, two figures, a *four and a five*, which, when thus ſeparated, were very innocent, immediately became noxious, when joined together.

To

To vex the then miniſtry, and the ſeveral members of the law, their numbers were chalked on every door, and *window-ſhutter* —and on certain rejoicing nights (rather attended with riot and uproar) it was neceſſary to have this number on your hat or coat, as a paſſport thro' the mob.

A poor man, in kindneſs to a raſcal of a juſtice, as it afterwards appeared, wrote theſe figures on his back—How ſeverely he paid for his intended ſervice, will but appear by the ſequel—for, on a trial, he was ſentenced to a full two months impriſonment—when, at the ſame ſeſſions, a thief was only puniſhed in the confinement of a few weeks.

I have authority from what I thus hear and ſee, to ſay with the poet,

" Hoc fonte derivate clades,
" In patriam populumque fluit."

In ſhort, the fixed maxim of the lawyers, was, that any thing they pleaſed was a libel—nor was it leſs ſo, becauſe it was true. So that, in ſhort, the nation was to bear all—pay all—hear all—and yet ſay nothing at all.

As this was the unhappy ſituation near a century paſt, I ſee no reaſon why it ſhould be mended now—On the contrary, I believe,

lieve, if we may judge from appearances of general decay, ruin and devaſtation, there is no chance of Juſtice rearing its long drooping head, were their inhabitants to enjoy the fruits of it.

But of this more in my next—am going, after ſome days of buſineſs and confinement, to ſhare a little kind of relaxation at the theatre—yet do I rather envy you the pleaſures of ſocial evenings in a fine climate (for this is unwholeſome from the decay of ſo many buildings) for theſe I never expect in this country—nor ſhall I find them, till the day that I can perſonally tell you thus much.

I am,

Yours.

LETTER XVIII.

THO' I mean to return, occaſionally, to my friends, the brother at the Tower and Muſæum, yet have I lately entered upon a plan of comparing notes with ſeveral—and thus, weighing the opinions of ſeveral, finding out truth at laſt——

not

Not that I doubt, even, the ſmalleſt particle of intelligence I gained from either the old corporal, or the more antique warder of the Tower; only, as I know brains heated by ſuch reſentment, particularly a political one, are apt to ſhew all facts rather thro' a wrong medium.

I, yeſterday, ſat myſelf down at a coffee-houſe, not far from the place his Majeſty's horſes are ſaid to be kept.—This place is ſo reſorted to by the Scotch, that I ſhould have feared entering there, had I not, by a family connection, formerly been happy enough to gather the accent—nay, occaſionally, even the air of a true North Briton.

This excellence of mine, early coſt me dear—for I no ſooner ſat me down, and aſked for the *Edinbro'* papers, but immediately *mine hoſt of the garter* brought me three open books of ſubſcription, which I found immediately required a *proper* ſignature.

The firſt was to engage myſelf to lend money, cloaths, rings, ſwords, or any ornaments I might poſſeſs, to the Scotch corporation for getting Engliſh fortunes.

The ſecond was to give credit to the landlord, that he might ſubſcribe my name to any book publiſhed by an Hume, a Smollet, a Robertſon, or any author of leſs note, that would prove himſelf born *Northwards*.

The laſt was—but, indeed, 'tis ſo paltry a ſecret, that it is ſcarce worth knowing—ſuppoſe I was not aſhamed to particularize it.

As I was in the ſcrape, you may depend on it, I followed *Terences*'s maxim, of "*Redime te captum quam quĕas minimo.* And ſo, at the expence of a few ſhillings down, and a *ſecuring* engagement for future aſſiſtances (this I laughed at as knowing I ſhould give them the *bag to hold*) I made myſelf free of the houſe—and was determined not to be a loſer, if poſſible, by the *ſterling* intelligence I ſhould gain under that roof.

I ſoon found myſelf among a knot of *Aberdeen* phyſicians, who I ſaw gloried in having exterminated the whole race of *Engliſh* medicals—And, indeed, they well ſaid, that it was no difficult taſk, as their education coſt nothing, and an Engliſhman muſt, at leaſt, have expended a brace of thouſands, before he could obtain that, which, ſays he, we can get for 20 *ſhillings*—M. D. for that.

I believe this expenſive education, in part, brought about that deſolation we ſee every day increaſing ſo faſt in the country—we, ſaid he, (taking me for a brother Scot) can live where they will ſtarve, and by inches, too—Our favourite, you know, gives private penſions to all of us—I ſuppoſe you have

have one—I ſecured one before I would croſs the Tweed—but, if you have not that happineſs yet, will inform you that you have nothing to do, but *knock* at a certain door (a whiſper, here) and it will be *opened unto you.*

I now imagined, that if I denied any ſuch intentions, he would find out the fraud—as being the only one who did not accept ſuch a favour—the danger, then, of being ſingular, made me thank him—when he embraced me with the tenderneſs of a *Ruſſian* bear (ſo as to prevent me breathing for ſome minutes) adding, "there are but few *Engliſh* left! And we ſhall drive them all to the devil, or America, ſoon—no matter which!

Pity my ſituation, who knew ſo much of them by reflexion, in America, to be obliged to hear ſuch inſolence—Nor will I peſter you with particulars which paſt between us—ſufficient is it to add, that he gloried in the name of the whole nation, in ſaying, that had it not been for an earl of our court, the ſouth of Great Britain would have been eminent as ever.

Our connection, added he, our ſtrict œconomy, joined to that adroitneſs we take in with our very milk (as we both know) will ever outwit the nation of luxury and diſſi-

there, at that time; I mean about a century ſince.

Near an 100 of theſe were ſenators of the lower houſe—Lord Bacon early propheſied, that a conſtitution muſt be near its end, when too many of theſe gentry get within the walls of St. Stephen;—for, added he, theſe men are ſo uſed to be concerned on one ſide and the other—and often, on both ſides, that, at laſt, they are indifferent which ſide they take, or whether they take any ſide at all, provided they are paid for it.

Next to a race of illegal judges—I mean thoſe who neither underſtood, or diſpenſed law—No age, ever ſince the conqueſt, ever ſaw ſuch liſts of council—One, particularly! ſo ſays Tradition, got, and very juſtly too, the name of Sir *Bull-face Double-fee*, merely from his ſo impudent forehead, and being known publickly to accept bribes on both ſides the queſtion—He held once a very conſiderable poſt under the crown; but even in that age ſome degree of modeſty was ſtill left; and he was ſuperſeded, becauſe he exceeded the dirty jobs they ſtood in need of—You are worſe than we deſire, replied the then miniſter—We want a man, to be ſure, who will ſtick at nothing, to ſerve our cauſe, but you have no diſcretion in your perfidy—Therefore! you muſt

ſubmit

ſubmit to be ſuperſeded by one not leſs ingenious in villainy than yourſelf, but rather with more caution—The man who leaps over the ſtick, ſhould occaſionally boggle a little—make believe, for form's ſake, that it ſometimes is held too high for him, and may endanger his ſhins—But, hold the ſtick as we will, you clear it—nay! will do it backwards, equally as forwards.

As this fellow never knew what honour was, being of a very ſervile extraction, ſo did he never feel loſing one of the moſt glittering poſts in the law—Money was *the God of his Idolatry*—But, as Pope ſays,

" In one! a reſervoir to catch and ſpare—
" Anon! a fountain ſpouting thro' his heir.

Whatever points the miniſtry had to carry, a groupe of lawyers were ever ready, to ſoothe them with opinions adequate to their meaſures—Thoſe who had not a yard or two of ſilk, to make their gown of, ſtudied to ſuperſede the opinions of thoſe who had, in order to obtain it—Thus the number, which uſed to be moderate, was increaſed of courſe, and this fell heavy on private cauſes, as theſe gentry had ſilken prizes for their ſervices, who otherwiſe could only have obtained woollen ones.

Acts

Acts of parliament, and precedents, were all ſet aſide, to make way for new opinions —founded neither on law or equity—but merely the whim of time-ſerving ſcoundrels, who leapt each gate they might have gently opened—Even murder was by them held legal—Nay! ſo eager were they to lick the ſpittle of their ſuperiors, by which they might, as it is ſaid, have the favourable ear of the court, that it has been known a juſtice of peace was commended, after much pleading in his favour, for—But I think you have all theſe affairs framed and glazed, at your country retreat, and ſo I will enter into no particulars on that head.

Juries, the uſual and neceſſary ſafe-guard of each cauſe, were, in thoſe ſo *brow-beat*, by the allowed practice of each court, that you might as well have toſſed up, on entering the court, for juſtice (whether in matters of property or life) as leave it to their deciſion—Thus by degrees the canker ate away the branches of all equity, till, at laſt, the very root was affected—and finding nobody expected, however they might ſtand in need of, juſtice, the great *Hall of Pleas* became uſeleſs, and is now, I hear, a riding-houſe for the officers of the *Middleſex Militia*.

The

The judges having, originally, been all of them practiſing council themſelves, promoted every chicane of law, to bring fees into the pockets of their ſeveral friends and relations—Inſtead of diſcountenancing all exorbitances of expence, they ever promoted it, till the laſt ſtage of a trial—and then, when each client had emptied his purſe, they, forſooth, made a merit of making up the affair—not for virtue's ſake, but, becauſe they deſpaired of drawing any more blood from that body.

But in matters of the crown—How did the doctrine of libels thrive, as a poor man bought a noſegay on the 10th of June—Now, you muſt know, wearing a white roſe on that day, of all the year, was ſowing, as they ſaid, the ſeeds of rebellion.

The man was proſecuted—and though an 100 gardeners took their oaths, that all the flowers were pinks; and ſure they ought to have known, who had reared ſuch quantities, yet did the great officer of the crown prove them roſes, and the man (who wore them) was impriſoned for life.

But of all the ſtretches in Crown-office power, commend me to thoſe lawyers, who moved for an information againſt a *poor parrot*, only for ſaying lawyers were liars—The maſter, miſtreſs, apprentice and maid, were

little if any ceremony—and for intelligence, would be ſide by ſide with your inferior—My inferior, replied he—then wept—I have none. Can any ſtation be lower, than for a ſoldier who bore arms near 50 years, and ſaw more battles fought than ever we won, by-the-bye—to be here a dependant-ſerving-man, at near 80 or 90 years of age on fidlers and dancing-maſters? Why, Sir, (God bleſs him, or his good luck) our very chaplain was a muſic-maſter too—but I won't ſay who; they could not clear the milk ſcore, as we ſay, and ſo this was a kind of receipt in full—nay, I believe, an abſolute one for all that had part.

Look round, Sir, all that wing (near 600 feet in length) has not an Engliſhman among them—The Scotch, indeed, uſed to occupy a great part of our building—but now! they have a way of getting the *ſcilling a day* letter, and ſo, being tolerably national, they ſpend it in their own country, grudging even to leave that mere mere trifle in the ſouth of England—by which means, as their intereſt is ſo predominant, they drain this part of England of many thouſands a year; for, believe me! with them it is but *aſk and have*, and many a *bonny loon*, who only rode a few days among the *Cheſhires and Glouceſters*, as we properly call the *Troops of Life-guards*,

guards, call themſelves experienced and veteran ſoldiers—So, claim the penſion—and away for their own bogs and mountains.

That very fellow you ſee hobbling before us, broke his leg by ſcaling a wall to get a young lady of family and fortune for a poor Scotch nobleman—His vigilance was immediately rewarded with a bit of ſcarlet, and he is entered here as an officer, who had loſt a limb in ſome battle on the Rhine—I once took the liberty (for when we ſit on a bench together, rallying is *all fair*) to aſk him where the Rhine lay? When he ſerenely anſwered, *that it was in Hanover*—and that to keep this great and good family on the throne, of theſe three kingdoms ſo juſtly their due from merits, no leſs than inheritance, he would willingly have died there for the ſake of being buried in any part of that dear dear Electorate——Dear enough, anſwered your old humble ſervant, if we were to calculate the millions of blood and treaſure it has coſt us—But, no matter! And as a comrade of mine ſaid (who had tippled a little too much, but denied, even at the halberts, having touched a drop of any thing for that day at leaſt) it pleaſed *God Almighty to ſtrike him ſo*, or it could never have happened—perhaps, too, we were *ſtruck*——but your boatmen beckon to your honour

honour—and if you can accept the poor converſation of an invalid, I will ſummons up all the little knowlege I am maſter of, and attend you for this day, or any other time of leiſure, as your honour ſhall beſt approve.

I ſhewed my approbation by begging him to ſtop, or, giving him money to victual the boat with any thing he pleaſed from the *adjacent Tavern*—and, having waited his ſignal, I embarked with him, in order to find ſome obſcure corner, on the bank of the river, where we might converſe unſuſpected and unobſerved.

What paſſed, muſt be the ſubject of a future letter, am going *down the ſtream* of the river in particular, as I hope you ever will the *ſtream of life* in general! with a gentle gale in my favour, and that ſun-ſhine, which I hope ever will ſmile over the head of him, whoſe moſt affectionate is

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

AS we were entering the boat, my guide ſaid, "Tho' 'tis no further worth your honour's while, than juſt to judge of what has been, by what now is"—I will beg leave to ring at the phyſic-garden gate. But, there is no occaſion—the doors are you ſee all broke to pieces—and we may walk where we will, barring that the weeds there may interrupt us—ſhall we try?

By all means, ſaid I, that honeſt fellow there, I do ſuppoſe, is the ſhew-maſter of the place—let us follow him and his advice, we ſhall then ſee all, if any thing, in a regular manner.

But, what would you ſee? Replied the old fellow, "*A reed, ſhaken by the wind!*" I have been gardener here near 30 years, and never myſelf ſaw any flower more valuable than a colli-flower, nor any plant more phyſical than a good radiſh or cucumber—— Lord, Sir, medicinal plants are of no uſe, ſince the faculty have been let down ſo, and which was owing partly to one *Foote*, who expoſed what little was left, that they themſelves had not expoſed—Come, Sir! I know your old guide of the college to be an honeſt fellow—and if you'll do me the favour

to

to ſit under this cedar-tree, I'll tell you, near as I can, what has occaſioned this ſtrange revolution.

The ſcheme in Holland of a guilder only for a phyſician's fee, will ever keep up the rank of that profeſſion—By the ſmallneſs of their fees, you will obſerve, that every cobler can afford a phyſician——who, of courſe, being at enmity with the apothecary, will not load the patient with nauſeous drafts, and of courſe expenſive bills.

But, here! Heaven bleſs the patient, for, I'm ſure, his medicines will never do it—the apothecary appoints the phyſician—is his commanding officer next to the nurſe! who declares both, by virtue of a certain power lodged within herſelf—and ſo the man may doubly be ſtiled a patient—for, beſides his bodily illneſs, he is forced, as the lawyers would call it, *to ſuffer a recovery*—for he ſuffers enough before he is half recovered—and all owing to our not following the Dutch method of ſmall fees to phyſicians, and of courſe ſmall fees to apothecaries.

A phyſician in Holland gets, as I have been told, ten times the money they do here—he picks up his guilder at every houſe—glad are they to ſee him! Here does he drive, or walk, from one end of the town

to

to the other, to glean a ſingle guinea—nor does he deſerve even that—The apothecary, with a wig *all bolus*, and with a quene like his own gliſter-pipe, pretends he knows the family blood beſt—that a phyſician who comes, or a ſtranger, and only looks you in the face, for a minute or two, can never enter into the ſpirit of your diſorder, and ſo cries, "*practice is the thing*;" on this he fills the ſhelf with phials—waſtes a quire of paper in wrapping up *powders of poſt*—and ſo you become a patient in every ſenſe of the word, enduring, firſt, his ſimple converſation; and ſecondly, his more ſimple medicines.

But what think you, Sir, of an old toothleſs nurſe, without being able to write or read, being the *primum mobile* in this affair? And taking abſolute advantage of your weakneſs of body, and of courſe mind, to name even phyſician and apothecary—out of which, like a bawd, ſhe has her 25 per cent. *poundage*—and, like them too, in another ſenſe, will never ſend for you again, if once you fail to pay that reſpect ſhe deſerves, tho' ſhe knows ſhe does not deſerve it.

This, Sir! if you will believe me, was the overthrow of phyſic in this country—our members, finding the trade ſinking, thought

thought it in vain to keep up, at a great expence, a cultivation of exotics and phyſical herbs—and ſo at once turned the whole into a good kitchen garden—what they don't conſume, at their weekly feaſts, is ſent to a good market, and with the money they buy the beſt of every thing in ſeaſon—ſolacing themſelves thus—nay! it is the motto to their new coat of arms.

"Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem."

Why, Sir, I have known a conſultation of phyſicians meet here, and the whole time has been ſpent in ſettling an horſe-race bet, or laying a wager on wind and weather—while the poor patient has been languiſhing in bed, and fooliſhly thinking, becauſe they ſaid as much, that the three heads in queſtion were laid together, to conſult their welfare—when *all the time* the fees given, and ſo *ill-ſpared*, perhaps from a *ſcanty purſe*, were ſpent in claret and a diſh of ortelans.

Can you wonder, Sir, that phyſic then is in the decline? Nay, that the ſcheme is even expoſed? I would tell you more, but I not only ſee ſome of our three knocker tie-wig gentry march this way, but I alſo ſee that your boat, unleſs you get on board ſoon, will be a-ground—therefore, if you will

do me the favour, either to ſtay till theſe lordly maſters of mine are gone, or till you can find a more commodious day, I will do my part.

But, not a word of what is paſt—for, as I am ill, and often under their hands, I ſhould, perhaps, ſhare the fate which kings too often have—namely, have an ingredient too much—ſuch as is the too common expreſſion, will either kill or cure.

For this day then, farewel! And, pray! as I find the gentleman came all the way from America, to ſee what we have been, let him not fail to ſee what we are—if we are any thing.

My next, I hope, will be more ſatisfactory——interim

Adieu!

LETTER XXI.

THO' it ſeemed hardly worth while to enter our boat for ſuch a trifling diſtance, yet was not ſorry, as perhaps, had we gone the road-way, the Moravian college might have eſcaped us——and the palace of Weſtminſter—both of them, though

pation—and this city is a proof of it, now, as I will convince you in the ſtriking of a ſtop-watch.

On this he pulled out a map of London—and, having turned to thoſe ſtreets which ſtretch away to Brentford and Uxbridge—ſaid—not one houſe in all this quarter of the town, is now inhabited by a South-Briton—we have got a proper footing—and may we never loſe it!

I liſtened—anſwered occaſionally—wept at intervals, but pretended a weakneſs in my eyes—for he would even increaſe this paſſion by adding—D—mn them all! We ought to have had poſſeſſion about a century ago—However! better late than never.

I would fain have gained more intelligence at this place—but a Scotch officer, who knew me in America (and of courſe not to be from the other ſide the Tweed) prevented—and leaſt he ſhould tell the ſecret, I obeyed his tap at the window, and walked after him—fully mortified to have had the thread of my diſcourſe, ſo ſuddenly, interſected—and yet with hopes to take it up again, on ſome future day, when the cloud of ſuſpicion ſhould blow over.

Before I left the room (I ſhould have mentioned this ſo curious an anecdote) the landlord aſked, if I had the *real hiſtory* of Scotland

land at my *fingers ends*. If ſo, ſaid he, I will (*Ecce Signum*)—then with a *Ha, Ha, Ha*, held up a viol of ſome yellow liquid —on which (to prove I had no fear of him) I offered him my hand—He excuſed himſelf, and I doubt not ſaid to himſelf—No! let him perform *quarentine* firſt.

To avoid future embarraſſments of ſubſcriptions, rates, contributions and what not; I aſked him, if the ſmall-pox had been much in the neighbourhood? Never more, anſwered he, as a proof of it, two of my family are now down with it—On this, I mildly blamed him for not telling me earlier—and ſo, excuſing myſelf for a month or two, in caſe I ſhould not ſee him ſooner, I ran acroſs to the Meuſe, crying to myſelf (in the words of Horace)

"*Sic me ſervavit Apollo.*"

When I was in the Meuſe, I ſaid to myſelf, is there nothing here worth ſeeing? There uſed to be horſes of Barbary, horſes of Holſtein, mules of Spain, and aſſes of Tripoli —Let us ſee, ſaid I, what we have here now.

I was no ſooner happily inclined, than curſedly diſappointed. The Meuſe (as marked in the map for a place where the royal ſtud had been) was now a *Foundling Hoſpital*, and even that not in a very flouriſhing

ſtate, for the treaſurer, and other officers of their houſe, had ſo far conſumed the revenue, that it would ſcarce admit of more than twenty children *within the year*—add to this, they were very ill taken care of—inſomuch, that mothers frequently did for them at once, what this place would have done by *degrees*—namely, put an end to their ſo miſerable being.

But I hope better days will afford better obſervations; and tho' I might in one letter have comprehended the whole, by ſaying all was the ſame, and in a ſtate of general deſtruction, yet do I, from experience, know, that you love particulars, even trifling as they are—But what Othello applies to jealouſy, I will to friendſhip.

" ——— Trifles! light as air!
" Are, to the friendly confirmations ſtrong
" As proofs of *Holy Writ*."

Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

MY laſt had as little to ſay for itſelf, as the Iriſhman's eſtate, which, as he inadvertently but truly ſaid, was *neither here nor there.*—And, yet, ſcarce is it in the poſt-houſe, but, *apothecary like*, I repeat my doſe, uſeleſs as it may be, tho' ever ſo diſagreeable.

I had now a fancy to ſee the famous college at Chelſea, intended originally for ſoldiers—who had, according to the motto at the *ſouth aſpect* (*Membris fractorum*, &c.) gained a royal aſylum from ſlavery and danger, not without a proper ſhare of neceſſity intermixed, in conſideration of broken heads, fractured bones, and ſhattered conſtitutions.

I went by water to this place, as I imagined the *front* of this ſo noble fabric, would ſtrike more on my fancy, according to its elevation in the plan, than if I crept in at the back-part, which, as I had imagined, and appeared afterwards, conſiſted of offices neceſſary to ſo large a community.

However this might have been the *original intent*, I found it otherwiſe on enquiry—for, as at firſt view, the whole royal inclination was fruſtrated, by ſeeing, inſtead of veteran ſoldiers, and valiant corporals, its

proper inhabitants, every ward was filled with French ſervants, Swiſs porters, Italian rope-dancers, nor was there a military man hardly to be beheld there, but a few who acted as dependants, and ſervants, to the reſt.

As theſe foreigners purſued the uſual parſimony of their ſeveral countries, there was no occaſion for offices—every man *cooked his kettle*—and theſe out-buildings were lett to ale-houſes and brothels.

On looking over my old court-kalender, I naturally aſked, who had, now, the place of *chief governor?* Was ſoon informed, it was monſieur de *Ponderage*, once a very eminent *hair-cutter*.

Who is your *lieutenant-governor*, ſaid I? Oh! replies my *nomen-clater* of an old ſerjeant, who ſtood porter, he is a famous *Italian ſinger*—his name, but no matter whether I ſpeak it right or not, is *Senior Caponelli*—Then, looking over my liſt, was interrupted with a ——Ah! Sir, throw that *idle book* away—our folks are, now, ſo aſhamed of their crew, that they never allow any liſt to be made out—an 100 years ſince it muſt have been a glorious ſight, to have beheld ſuch a parcel of gallant names—gentlemen, who had had thoſe under their command, to honour equally as danger, and who well deſerved from Majeſty a return, for

for what they had done to ſave Majeſty itſelf from ruin and deſtruction.

What the names of all our preſent chiefs are, I can't well pretend to ſay, as I hate the ſound of a French word; but this I know, that we are all *Monſires* and *Senioris*—Nay! I am told, ſo degenerate are our great men in power now, that even caſt-off miſtreſſes, becauſe they had danced or ſung well at ſome of our places of pleaſure, now inherit in *mens cloaths*, thoſe very benefits the ſons of generals, or even generals themſelves, ought to have enjoyed!

I aſked my friend, here, how ſoon his duty would be over—when, pointing to the clock, he anſwered, *in leſs than you can count the figures on that dial*—on which the bell ſtruck one, and he immediately ſaid—Now! I'm a freeman, and will wait on you where-ever your honour pleaſes.

In your preſent ſituation, I replied, perhaps, it might be dangerous for you, among all theſe foreigners (who, of courſe, would be glad to have an occaſion to diſcharge you) to be ſeen talking with a ſtranger like me? As you ſay, that a few hours of your leiſure are at my ſervice, ſuppoſe you ſtep into my boat———never make apologies of dreſs—a ſoldier is a ſoldier, and I honour him in rags—I'm a man of little

patiently—but our nobility, ſporting in Surry, were ſo vexed, at being delayed in croſſing from Lambeth to London, that what they firſt ſchemed for their pleaſure, only turned at laſt to public benefit.

As London is now extended, neither that, or the bridge at Black-friars, are paſſable—houſes to the north, here, almoſt to Uxbridge, have little commerce this way—and, indeed, as the inhabitants are ſo thinned, every one now getting away to America, 'tis hardly likely we ſhall repair any one of the bridges acroſs the river—was I young, as your honour, I would go ſeek my fortune there—Who would be left alone here? This muſt be the caſe ſoon—and am glad to find your viſit here is only a viſit of curioſity.

My old friend having ſhewn me the place, at a village called Fulham, where had formerly ſtood a palace belonging to the biſhops of London, ſaid, "Not only the evening is approaching, and the tide near ſpent, but I muſt be within the walls of our garriſon before ſun-ſet, or perhaps I may be diſcharged—for do you know, Sir, that the ſcheme being to drive out all the Engliſh, even from this poor pittance of proviſion, my little poſt is equally wiſhed for, as if it was a commiſſionerſhip of the cuſtoms

cuſtoms—men in all ſtations are equally hungry—and I can gueſs there is a liſt of a ſcore footmen, pimps, or French barbers, who would wiſh to ſee me expelled when living—did they only wait for my dead ſhoes, I would forgive them.

We parted in hopes to meet again, I take leave of you in the ſame manner—and am——

LETTER XXIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

AS I had ſuch a full view of the Abbey of Weſtminſter, paſſing and repaſſing up and down the river, I was this day in the humour to pay a pilgrimage that way—my map pointed out the path ſo well, that I wanted no guide to lead me towards it.

As I go to bed with the lamb (according to the old proverb) I riſe with the lark of courſe—and, this morning I rather hurried myſelf, as I imagined (being, indeed, holiday time) that the place would be much crouded.

On my arrival, I was not a little ſurprized to find no roof on this auguſt building, but

but only the ſide-walls remaining—the firſt diviſion from the place, where I heard the organ had ſtood, was filled with ſtalls of fruit, trinkets, &c. &c.—I believe this is called the body of the church.

Well, ſaid I (bad as this is) the choir no doubt is preſerved, as having been the place where ſo many kings had formerly been crowned when living, and ſapoliated when dead.

On my approach to that part, which had the appearance of a choir (here the roof was tolerably entire) I was ſoon convinced of my error—for this whole area—and not a ſmall one—was now a mahogany ware-houſe.

On aſking, whether any tombs were to be ſeen, and which was the neareſt way to them? They told me, that near 50 years ſince, every thing of that kind was ſold, and that half the chimney-pieces, among the new houſes, were fitted up from the marble, porphiry, granite, and *Lapis Lazuli*, which once adorned this noble ſtructure.

As you ſeem a ſtranger, ſaid a grave kind of porter, or journeyman, I will quit my buſineſs a few minutes, to explain to you what occaſioned this—then, calling to a friend of his, he ſaid, "*watch over my affairs while I ſtep out with this gentleman.*"

Would

Would you believe, on his opening the argument, that the ſame cauſes, as at St. Paul's, had had the ſame effects? the pomp, pride and diſſipation of the dean and canons, had entirely overthrown the place.

As their palates went beyond their income, they firſt began by leſſening the number of ſinging boys and men, the better to aid and aſſiſt their income—Now! as muſic, vocal and inſtrumental, was the ſole motive at that time of day—I mean a century back—of any ones going to church, the place immediately began to be deſerted—at laſt it became entirely ſo—there was better ſinging at a neighbouring chapel, where the mad dean, as I before-mentioned—preſided over his inferior clergy, and ſo at length we became the odd place you ſee.

But they had ſome little glimmering of religion left after that—for while there were any tombs left, country people would flock here—and, as they entered a place of worſhip—often in droves too, at holiday times, the bye-ſtanders imagined, and with "*likelihood enough to lead it*," according to Hamlet—that it was a *call to Chriſtendom*—no harm, Sir, even in appearances—but the new-buildings, northward, taking away all our valuable ſtone-work, nothing was to be found worth ſeeing, and ſo we were, and are,

are, deſerted by thoſe kind of animals, in order to make way for the animals you ſee here.—*Fat bulls of Baſan*—and, indeed, *all the beaſts of the foreſt are ours—and ſo are the cattle from a thouſand hills.*

At this corner—as I have been often told—was a beautiful monument, to the memory of one ſecretary Craigs—ſome lines of one Pope (a poet at Twitnam) were, if true, much to his honour—for, he ſays (which would be a miracle now-a-days) that *tho' a ſtateſman he was a friend to truth*—That he *never broke a promiſe*, or *ſerved a private end*—That he never *gained a penſion*—and *never loſt a friend.*

I neither can, or wiſh, to contradict this—I would fain make myſelf believe, there was ſuch a man once in the country (for the honour of that country, if any thing can ſave it from contempt) tho' there never may be another—but let us leave him to be read of in Pope's works, of which we have a ſingle volume preſerved here in our nominal library—In America, I hear he is read and admired—*every dog has his day*—and perhaps it happens from the old proverb, that *no man is a prophet in his own country.*

In that very corner, as I have heard (where you ſee ſauſages leaping in the pan, and croſſing

croſſing each other at *right angles*, was a tomb of the great Sir *Iſaac Newton*—If his works had not made him immortal, am ſure his tomb never would—for I remember part of it making the ornaments to pillaſters on a city alderman's green-houſe—the fine medallion of him crowns the top of a *beaufet* in a common-councilman's dining-room—and the fellow I hear has the meanneſs to let it be ſeen, for buying ſix pennyworth of any thing in his ſhop.

There was another of a famous general, called Stanhope, not far from this—I hear it may be found almoſt entire at a bun-houſe, near Brentford, and is placed over the oven, to make it correſpond with the title of the *Royal Oven*—any thing fine and uncommon gaining that title, and keeping the place in countenance—tho' perhaps only one of the King's grooms, or even *ſtable boys*, laid out a penny there ſeveral years ago.

But I ſee you reliſh the ſubject, ſaid my honeſt index poſt—ſo only be here to-morrow, and I'll turn over a new leaf—will keep nothing from you my poor *knowledge-box* is maſter of—only remember that *tace* is Latin for a whiſper, and that all I ſay—can—will—or ſhall ſay—nay even have ſaid—muſt be ſecret as a quack doctor's back-door

One anecdote of him will ever bear relating, as it ſhews how neceſſary patience is, in exalted ſtations; and he ſets an excellent example, how thoſe who would riſe high in church, law or ſtate, ſhould demean themſelves in their way to ſuch high honours, as he himſelf arrived at.

On his being tranſlated from the *See of Bangor*, his firſt biſhopric, to that of Hereford, the people of this latter place being Tories (in other words, ſtrong adherents to the family of *Stuart*) could not bear even the name, much leſs the ſight of a man, who had ſo ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the family, and ſo warmly defended the illuſtrious ſucceſſion in the Houſe of Hanover.

On the firſt notice of his intended arrival, he was met, ſeveral miles out of the town, by the inhabitants riding on aſſes, and ſounding every kind of inſtrument, which led to ridicule and burleſque him.

The louder they roared, the lower he bowed—and being once aſked, on another occaſion, how he came to riſe ſo high in the church? He anſwered,

" By being a willow, and not an oak."

On his nearer approach to the town, he was then met by the *peviſingers*, who could not

not mount an horſe to meet him without the walls.

Every alms-houſe, now, diſembodied its contents of old women, who joined the chorus of noiſe and diſcord—ſtill he bowed, ſtill lower than before.

On entering his palace, he took his laſt low bow, and walking into his hall, called a favourite ſervant; and, giving him 20 *guineas*, which he had juſt counted out, bid him carry it immediately to the people at the gate.

Abraham was, by name, too faithful to diſpute any orders of his Right Rev. Father in God, and ſo ſet off rather actively than willingly.

On croſſing the green, which divided the palace from the front-gate, he met the chaplain, who having juſt iſſued from the walls of a college, could not believe Abraham's commiſſion to be in earneſt; adding, come back with me, and I'll reaſon with my lord about it. When he began,

Would I, my lord, bear this indignity at firſt coming? What uſage can you expect to receive hereafter, if thus you give way to their ſo early inſolence?

I'd complain of breach of privilege—would put them in the *ſpiritual* court——would—would—would—but your lordſhip

knows beſt—though I can hardly hear myſelf ſpeak for the noiſe they ſtill make.

So much the better! ſaid the biſhop, give them, for that very reaſon, the 20 *guineas*—I am ſure it is the *city muſic*.

What a politician! May you and I equally learn to command our paſſions—and ſo

Adieu!

LETTER XXII.

AS we ſailed up the river, my guide naturally pointed out to me, right and left, what had any ſhew of antiquity. He had been near 20 years in the college, and often been employed in ſhewing foreigners what was curious—By this he had gained ſuch an habit of punctuality, that like the man at Weſtminſter-Abbey—This I have only heard, for my pleaſure of ſeeing is to come; he thinks even trifles neceſſary.

He pointed to the houſe, which a century paſt was Sir *Hans Sloan*'s—adding, ſome folks of this age is obliged to him for good ſalaries at the Muſæum; however, the occaſion of ſettling thoſe ſalaries is long ſince vaniſhed—for, I am told, there is not a

ſingle

ſingle rarity, firſt gathered in the houſe, which is now to be ſeen—all ſunk in the old cauſe of veniſon and claret.

That houſe you ſee, on the point of land there, all grown over with buſhes and briars, is built on the ſpot where an ingenious ſon of the biſhop I mentioned lived a century paſt—He wrote, or had the name of writing, a comedy once in vogue, called the *Suſpicious Huſband*—the revival of a play, at that time, of old Ben Johnſon's, being of the ſame nature diſcovered, from whence he took his hints—and ſo, in ſpite of the then excellent Roſcius, the performance loſt its value.

The houſe below it, was then inhabited by the queen of methodiſts—a counteſs of this kingdom—the party had no chief but her—whether ſhe was ſincere in her profeſſion, the then age beſt knew—but this I know, that I would not truſt even the pope of their ſect, with the receiving my poor penſion.

Why, Sir, they lay the poor under ſuch contributions, that 'tis impoſſible either one or other can be honeſt—the receiver cares not where the money is raiſed, provided he can pouch it—and ſo, I think, is acceſſarily making the poor fellow thieve, to give daily bread to his prieſt.

What think you of a liſt of 20,000 different poor working people, ſequeſtering a penny a day from their neceſſary diet and ſuſtenance, merely to ſupport one of their order, who, following the true apoſtle outwardly, that he may be ſeen of men, is inwardly a ravening wolf; and having got hold of a back room, in a ſnug tavern, quaffs his glaſs—kiſſes his wench—and then, having paid his reckoning, ſallies forth with a bible face, and bleſſes, almoſt epiſcopally, every poor man that paſſes, to ſave the expence of pecuniary charity.

This reminds me of a droll dog, who wanting ſomething (under the pain and penalty of an empty belly) more ſubſtantial than *a God bleſs you*—on receiving it from his lips, bid him *take it back again*—but, why ſo, ſaid the teacher? Becauſe, replied he, if it had been worth a ſingle farthing, you would not have given me ſo liberally.

You ſee, Sir, how little I eſteem the order—though, a ſoldier, I have ſome religion—and have no notion of a man's carving for himſelf—let him follow the profeſſion he was brought up to—how can we, ignorant and uninſtructed, pretend to judge for ourſelves, like thoſe who have been ſet apart for it years and years? I may ſay

ſerved

ſerved ſeveral apprenticeſhips to it—for in all other trades, we have a proportionate opinion of a workman, by his having ſerved a time to it—nor do we conſult a carpenter about ſhoes, or a ſhoemaker in matters of boards and nails—yet, forſooth! in religion, a taylor may cut out diſcourſes, like his cloth, to fit any perſon—and a dull carpenter may hit the nail on the head in divinity, however he miſſes it in his own buſineſs.

'Tis a tedious ſtory! and, no doubt, you have read and heard enough to underſtand my meaning—for the ſubject is to me ſtaler than a cheeſecake in thoſe gardens there in a wet ſeaſon—who, when they are made, will ſell them—determined to loſe nothing in the way of preſent profit, though the loſs in future may be ſeventy fold.

Where you ſee thoſe broken piles ſtanding in the river, was once a bridge—'tis now returned to its ſtate of an horſe-ferry—this was the ſecond fabric of the kind on the river—now we have a ſcore—it was amazing this great metropolis could ſo long ſupport itſelf, with only one paſſage of this kind over it—namely! the old bridge at London—what barricades muſt have happened in the hurry of commerce, at thoſe flouriſhing times—ſome years they bore it patiently

in a ſtate of decay, being worthy ſome attention.

As if we had not ſects enough in this metropolis, who ſhould ſettle among us, at that time, but a ſet of Moravians—Their chief, with the head of a Cromwel or Machiavel, caſt about how he ſhould put 30,000 l. in his pocket, without any hazard to himſelf.

Accordingly, he landed in this ever-ſimple and credulous country, with a ſample of ſome few perſecuted chriſtians—Their caſe, as he repreſented it, was hard, and therefore heard—by the Engliſh at leaſt, who love the marvellous to that degree, that, as Shakeſpear ſays, they would give more to ſee a *dead monſter* than a *living friend.*

The good *pious pariſhioner*, *whole duly of man* creatures, immediately entered into a voluntary kind of ſubſcription, to bring over to this land of *freedom* and *toleration*, a multitude of theſe ſeemingly perſecuted gentry—Their leader prayed—wept—but, privately laughed——and when, from their opinion of his unbounded chriſtianity, they had given him full credit for all they had gathered——he being the propereſt banker, as he made them believe——away went the Count, treaſurer and treaſure, both embarked in the ſame ſhip; and, in ſhort, all the

poor

poor creditors had to ſhew for ſome thouſand pounds, was thoſe thouſand or ſo of *old bricks*, and the place may well be called,

"The *Moravian* judgment on the Engliſh."

That other building there, in ruins, was once a palace belonging to the biſhops of Wincheſter for the time being; would you believe, that about a century ſince, a biſhop of that See, had power enough to ſtop the very Convocation ſitting, merely from his own *ipſe dixit* to the king—On the acceſſion of the *Houſe of Hanover*, he knew how little the clergy of queen Anne's reign would be welcome, and ſo he boldly undertook to prove the bleſſed ſacrament was nothing but a *morning whet*; and that, like the poſy of a *burial ring*, the affair was nothing more than,

"When this you ſee,
"Remember me."

This ſurprizing man raiſed himſelf from being rector of a ſmall London pariſh, to be the wealthieſt biſhop in England, as he did to raiſe his brother to the primary of Ireland——They were both men of honour, tho' the preference was ever to him who was biſhop of Wincheſter.

ard of holy myſteries—that is your trade—for indeed of late it is ſuch—thanks to our reverend prelates here, who never give away any kind of preferment, honorary or dignitary, till they weigh it well firſt, and ſee if it will produce them 75 *per cent.* or no—However! I don't blame them ſo much in the main—conſider what their education coſt—conſider, that for 20 years of their lives, perhaps, not a butcher would give them credit for a pound of chops, though his reverence might quote an hundred texts of ſcripture, in favour of the church in general, and himſelf in particular.

After a *ſeven years famine* like this, don't imagine his divine ſpirit could ſo eaſily forget all he ſuffered—ſo, being arrived at a point of independency, he plays off the *lex talioni's* on them—and the butcher and baker in vain ſolicit a living for their ſon the ſervitor (determined to have one gentleman in their family, though a poor one) till they pay pretty handſomely for it in money or *money's worth—par pari*—you know the reſt—*dabimus petimuſque*—But why ſhould I ſpout Latin to you, unleſs it was to ſhew I had near been a parſon myſelf, and was educated accordingly, in order to learn the art of being an early biſhop.

Talking

Talking of a biſhop—well thought of—How do you like, ſaid he to my reverend friend, that Reubens of mine over the chimney—a little temporizing, when in a ſtate of captivity, ſeemed now highly neceſſary—On which he anſwered—oh! 'tis an original, I'm ſure—You lie, there is no ſuch thing—but this is the way to be a biſhop, and ſoon—I forgive you—Well! and what think you of that landſcape over the door—I will try, ſaid my friend in a whiſper to me, how truth will pleaſe him—ſo I anſwered, *that I ſaw no* ſuch thing—On this he fetched a ſtick from under the bed, and having given me three or four good thwacks on the ſhoulder, I ſaid it was an excellent performance.

The ſtick being now in his hand, he looked at me hard, and ſaid, if you would learn to be a biſhop, you muſt learn to jump—come then! tho' you are as little made for it as myſelf, yet will I teach you to be a biſhop, ſo hitting my ſhins ſeveral knocks, to provoke an higher leap, he at laſt turned to me—and ſaid—come, Sir—kneel down, and ſay after me.

Had my knees been ſtiff as a camel's, you may eaſily imagine I was quickly bent; and ſo, without a cuſhion, he made me repeat,

peat, on my bare knees, words to this effect.

I do believe the ruin of this once glorious country, was the repealing, above a century ſince, an act of parliament, called the *Stamp-Act*. That what the rankneſs and eagerneſs of one m——r did, the popularity of another choſe to undo—nor do I ſolemnly (here, by-the-bye, I had a knock of the pate, for not ſpeaking that laſt word emphatically, and with the quaver of a F——ce, or any other Preſbyterian hypocrite) think, that either one or other of thoſe two patriotic brothers-in-law, ever thought ſo much of their country as themſelves.

I do alſo moſt ſolemnly ſwear and vow, that when I return to my own native country of America, I will never wear a ſhoe, hat, ſtocking, boot, wig, ſhirt or handkerchief, which is the manufacture of this paltry kingdom, even tho' the produce of our own is not of half the goodneſs—and I do moſt ſolemnly ſwear, that England may thank herſelf for all ſhe now ſuffers, and has for near a century paſt, by deſertion of its inhabitants, migration of its richeſt merchants, and tranſportation of all its favourite manufactures.

I do

I do alſo moſt potently and powerfully believe, that all the good people of this country, are now ſettled ſomewhere in America, and that only the ſcum and refuſe of arts, of every kind of ſcience, are left behind.

Sir, replied my mad director, you muſt ſeal this with your blood—you have a ruddy complexion, and I ſhall be ſure of its excellence.

Think of my ſituation! but the "*ſcime ſervavit Apollo*" was my friend—for the keeper paſſing by, and finding the wicket ſhut—immediately unlocked it—not a little ſurprized parſon Adams and myſelf, under the care of a man, whom he declared, at certain times, the maddeſt of all his pupils.

However, determined to have the laſt word, he ſaid thro' the wicket (after the door was fairly ſhut after us) go tell my American ſubjects, I will be among them in leſs than a month—I am *Harry the Ninth*—I came on purpoſe to ſettle ſome treaties of offenſive and defenſive alliance with my brother of England—and, contrary to all faith of monarchs, I am here called a Madman—and am ſhut up like a turkey in a coop—but I here declare war—am like the Medes and Perſians—never ſhall vary—I will

will never make peace, but, like my brother of Spain, die ſword in hand againſt his enemies the Moors.

Our diſtance, as we were walking off, prevented hearing more—I fear you have heard or read too much. Therefore will releaſe you after a *double doſe* of, I fear, diſagreeable medicine to you.

Adieu!

LETTER XXV.

YOU may imagine, my good friend, that we were as glad to ſmell the air of even Moorfields, as Ænëas was, after the frights and fears he met with in the infernal ſhades—I ſcarce thought myſelf ſafe, when I was in a bookſeller's ſhop there, cheapening old authors—every thing, and every figure, human or otherwiſe, had the air of madneſs—and a wild ox, who had reaſon enough to be ſo, from a not *very gentle* pat on the head ſome butcher had given him—made me ſtill think, even animals imbibed this diſorder, by breathing the very atmoſphere around this palace of lunatics.

My

My friend, the right reverend (I wiſh, for your ſake, he was a *Right Reverend Father in God*—tho' not in America, by-the-bye) began to ruminate on what had dropt from his Majeſty of America—and ſaid, as does the Polonius in Hamlet, of his prince; tho' this be madneſs, yet is there reaſon in it.

As we even walked under the wall, we ſtill heard his moſt ſacred mock-majeſty calling out for his body guards—bidding them fire upon the populace, however innocent they might be—where is my ſecretary at war? Have I no ſecretaries of ſtate? I'll hang all my reverend and learned judges, if they don't hang any one I diſlike—In ſhort, if Old England don't behave better, I'll command my ſubjects, of New England, to make war upon them—and then, like poor feeble Lear, concluded by ſwearing, "*he would do ſomething ſhould be the very terror of the world*—which, perhaps, ended in what generally happens, after a dinner of too many vegetables, to an aged appetite—which the almanac expreſſes, in his winter months, very accurately—by *flying winds with ſome rain.*

I have ſince heard, he is compiling a treatiſe, which he gives a title to, of one in Oliver's days—namely, *Killing no murder*, declares, he will have a free parliament (as

is

Thus, many years ago, half a dozen regiments extraordinary were always maintained to guard the coaſts of Kent, Suſſex, and Hampſhire, againſt the deſtructive trade of ſmuggling——By the printed papers of thoſe days – as no doubt would be the caſe now—the ſureſt way to prevent this curſed practice, would be to lower the duties, when the trade would not be worth continuing—All this you can better inform me and yourſelf of, than my pen can undertake to declare; ſo our boatman calling to us, leaſt we ſhould loſe both time and tide (which you know ſtay for no man) we ſet off for the neareſt ſtairs leading to Bedlam, which was a place called Queen Hythe.

Little worth obſervation appeared on our way to this palace of lunatics—the Guildhall of the city was ſhewn to us, only as a place where formerly much eating and drinking had been carried on—I ſimply imagined the floor had formerly been paved with granite or porphyry—but! here I muſt beg pardon, for telling a truth rather indecent—the frequent diſcharges of clarer, from the aldermen and common-council formerly, had ſo tinged the pavement, that even a ſtatuary might have been deceived.

The courts of juſtice had formerly been held here—but juries having been brow-

beat

beat ſo often, by the very judge who ought to have animated and encouraged them, that at length the city, deſerted as it was, could hardly make up a dozen men who had their ſenſes, or were ſober, to try any cauſe, on which the ſeat of juſtice was removed to the county town of Brentford—and is to be found there, in a ſmall room over the market-houſe, to this day.

On our arrival in Moorfields, 'twas natural for me to aſk (on not ſeeing them) what was become of the two famous ſtatues, made near a century and half ſince, by one Cibber, a moſt eminent ſculptor, as was his ſon the moſt eminent comedian of the age—The old trick had been played here, as in moſt other places—namely, that to have a ſplendid dinner theſe glorious ſtatues were exchanged, with the city cook, for ſo many haunches of veniſon—and he placed them over his cow-houſe at Peckham Rye—where, having remained long enough to be laughed at for laying out his money in what was not uſeful, his wife ordered them to be ſawn aſunder, to furniſh hewn ſtone for her pantry, in which ſtructure ſhe was more expenſive, than any court lady in her dreſſing-room.

On entering this building, a venerable looking man addreſſed himſelf to us, and

offered his ſervice, as one ſo well acquainted with every part and department of the houſe, by having latterly been a member of it.

His obliging carriage won ſo on us both, tho' rather more on my clerical friend, that we immediately cloſed with his offer, ſuſpecting nothing but a gain of knowledge and information at the eaſieſt rate.

As we paſt along, he would point out particular objects not worthy of attention—by ſaying, that mad fellow deſerves the diſorder he is puniſhed with—he was fool enough to ſell an eſtate in America, ſome 20 or 30 years ſince, when he had not brains to ſuſpect the contrary—and this for a trifle, in order to purchaſe a troop of horſe in Great Britain—the regiment, by ſome ſhameful behaviour, was broke, ſo that he had not even half-pay, God help him——and his eſtate in America is now worth (ſince ſome late alterations there) at leaſt 5 or 6000 a year.

Obſerve that man in the tie wig and morning gown—he bears, you ſee, a *white wand* in his right hand—every body, beſides himſelf, believes him a conjurer—and his room, like the ſtarved apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, has *an alligator ſtuffed*, as a ſymbol of his *nick-nack* or *long-brain*. His

ſcheme

ſcheme is to blow up the world, and render it ſuch as it was before the flood—like a true Roman, he does it all for the good of his country—and he will aſk you very gravely, if you want a river or mountain on your eſtate—that he is obliged to produce a river for a friend of his, very near where your ground lies, and ſo the difference of trouble will be little in watering your meadows, ſo as to produce five load of good hay on an acre.

Why he made a poor innocent gentleman here as mad as himſelf, by only giving him hopes, that he ſhould have plenty of water on an hilly eſtate of his in Hampſhire—On this he built a moſt magnificent houſe—married a lady without a farthing of money—ſent for foſſils, ſhells and minerals, from afar, to make his grottoes—and when all came to all, the poor man, finding that a madman had been his conductor, he ran mad himſelf, and is now cloſe confined in our third ſtory here.

Near a ſcore of thoſe characters you ſee ſitting in the garden there, and enjoying the ſun, are mad, by having over-built themſelves in the environs of Marybone, Tyburn, and ſo on to Uxbridge—ſome of them have the diſorderly inheritance—for their anceſtors began what they continued—

namely! the trade of converting good kitchen-ground into ſtreets——theſe never were inhabited—one floor mortgaged the other—at length the ground-landlord ſeized on the eſtate, and the builder died in this very houſe perhaps.

But above half our community conſiſt of thoſe, whoſe fathers, having embarked their fortunes in American affairs, never got remittances—the country there flouriſhed—England ſunk—they wanted no commodities from their native country—made all their own manufactures—the merchants here embarked in a ſhewy and expenſive way of life, did not care to lay down equipage or table—ſo, in ſhort, ran mad—as did your humble ſervant, almoſt on a ſimilar occaſion.

But 'tis amazing, ſaid I, if you are recovered ſo well, and are radically cured, why you chuſe to remain here? Liberty is ſweet—and I ſhould think a foot of free land, to ſtand on, out-weighs all we have walked over to-day.

Lord, Sir, replied our leader—the people out of doors are equally mad as we—here I have no rent to pay—no table to keep—no cloaths to buy—I have, moreover, ſome agreeable connections here—and, believe me, I dread the day when they ſhall give me

me my liberty—I, even (tho' among friends, I'm well as yourſelves) ſham Abraham as we call it—and play a thouſand eccentric gambols ſtill to be entitled to this glorious protection.

And now, gentlemen—as no doubt you are a little weary with your ambulating curioſity, what think you of ſeeing my little hovel? I look on it daily, as a ſailor ſafe on ſhore regards the wreck on which he ſaved his life—That which was, alas, the ſeat of my unhappineſs, is now the ſeat of my content—I pray you walk in.

The ſummons ſeemed too agreeable to be refuſed, and with little ceremony we entered—at once pretending kindneſs, tenderneſs, and that the air of the door might perhaps be dangerous to our necks, beſides that the noiſe would incommode us, he at once not only bolted the maſter door, but even the little wicket, thro' which, if left open, we might have gained aſſiſtance, by calling aloud for that help, we too ſoon wanted—tho' we were two, yet the ſtrength of madmen being more than double that of other men, part began to tremble, in proportion as his eyes began to faſcinate us individually.

His firſt addreſs was to my clerical companion—Well, Sir, ſaid he, you are a ſtew-

door—or the back ſtairs of a prime miniſter's cloſet.

On this proſpect of a better day, to-morrow I lay aſide my pen, and am

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

I HAD propoſed, my dear friend, returning to my ſtation at the Abbey, according to a kind of promiſe I made to myſelf, no leſs than to my guide—but, meeting with a clergyman of our acquaintance, who was in England on the ſame errand as your humble ſervant, I joined him, and taking the chance of his intended day's tour, found he was ſtearing to ſee that palace of lunatics the court of Bedlam.

With all my heart, ſaid I—ſo, engaging a boat from a place, called in my map Whitehall, we reconnoitered, for a few minutes, the ruins of a famous room, called, about a century ago, the Banquetting Houſe.

The remains of beauty and order appeared on the ſide-walls, which was all that was viſible—the famous cieling (and for which relict I called here, was ſold years and

and years ago, to finiſh and adorn a great aſſembly room of ſome inland town, whoſe name eſcapes my memory.

It was painted ſo, ſays my *Vade Mecum*, by one *Peter Paul Reubens*, who was here in a public character, and made a knight on the occaſion—in ſo ſhort a ſtay, as a year only, 'tis amazing he could execute ſuch a quantity and variety of ſubjects—but the bold ſtrokes of a great maſter cóver, in a moment, what a minor artiſt could not execute in a month.

I could learn nothing even of the ruins of that noble houſe, or palace, which Wolſey built, and which gave the name to this whole ſpot—the beſt houſe remaining was that of a Scotch earl, whoſe name and title were unknown in London till the favourite appeared, who fetched many of their country ſouthward, and, as is the ſaying, *out of darkneſs called into light.*

The little houſe of Sir John Vanbraugh, ſo ridiculed by Dean Swift, and in ſo many parts of his works, was now only a ſutling-houſe for that party of the guards who do duty here, ever ſince the houſe of this northern earl was attacked, near a century ſince—ſo happy are and have been the miniſtry, ever to find an excuſe to keep up a ſtanding army.

You may imagine the ſevereſt proſecutions were begun, but the gentleman had luckily ſecured Sir Buliface on his ſide—who, having been a privy-counſellor himſelf—and ſerved in the ſame method, better knew how to get his client out of the ſcrape, having fatally found the ſame in point againſt himſelf, when his old antagoniſt, the ſerjeant, inſiſted on it, that the letter of the law expreſsly limited the damages, to loſs of hand for ſtriking, and not *loſs of leg* for kicking—and ſo they were both kickt accordingly.

But a more droll anecdote is told of this venerable officer of juſtice—who piques himſelf on doing every thing to ſerve the crown, as it is called—when, all the while, as the crook-backt king ſays, "*To ſerve yourſelf* "*good Norfolk.*"

Some comical dogs—every country has theſe in proportion—tho' not in ſuch abundance as this country—I have travelled, Sir, in the way of my buſineſs—and attribute the reaſon of this, to the fears they have abroad—firſt, of the church—next, of the ſtate—and laſtly, of offending their ſuperiors of every eſtate—by which means many a piece of wit and humour is abortive; which, in this country, would come to perfection.

But,

But to the point—knowing his lordſhip's turn for a whiſper in politics, and how dearly he reliſhed being firſt, in the unravelling any plot, or appearance of a plot, againſt the government, a young fellow wrote to him, that, ſleeping with a girl of the town, he learned by her, that ſhe lately came from Paris—and was miſtreſs of many ſecrets, which, at fond hours, the Engliſh gentlemen there had inſtructed her with, of a dangerous plot, meditating againſt the government here, not excepting even majeſty itſelf.

That knowing his lordſhip's great ſagacity and penetration, he thought this whole affair might be brought to light—for at intervals of reſt, on her ſide, and of the want of it on his, he perceived this fair one was marked on a certain ſpot (which ſhe inherited from her firſt anceſtor) with ſeveral moles—tho' ſcarce diſcernable by the naked eye.

That he believed, if by concurrence of his brother magiſtrates, he would make a general ſearch, this perſon might be found out, and the whole plot diſcovered.

The anonymous writer, as he deſired, was thankt in the public papers—and a copy being preſerved—and which he had about

him (it being then ſo recent an affair) I ſend it you as follows.

" The lord mayor of London returns " his beſt thanks to an unknown correſpon- " dent, for the ſo very particular attention " he has ſhewn to his own ſafety in parti- " cular, and to the community in general " —takes this public method of letting him " know the letter came ſafe, under the ſeal, " and in the cypher he deſcribed, in a pre- " vious letter to it.

" Shall not loſe a moment in endeavour- " ing *to get to the* bottom of *ſo dark a* " *thing*, if he is able—and to diſcover eve- " ry the minuteſt particular, ſo well under- " ſtood between them.

" That his kind correſpondent may, if " he will, be ſtill a friend to him, and " good government (ever inſeparable) by " giving him further hints, as they ſhall " offer in the ſame cypher, and under the " ſame ſignature."

By order, &c.

Hodge-Pot, Town-clerk.

That very evening, it being dry and dark (which generally repleniſhes the fleſh-markets—moonſhine ever being a ſworn enemy

enemy to wh——s and pick-pockets) above 1800 well dreſt girls (no others being ſuſpected to have been the companions of this unknown and gentleman-like correſpondent of his lordſhip's) were ſecured in different round-houſes—all with a view of being examined before they were diſcharged.

One of the chief magiſtrates, who had ever been reputed blind, now proved it all a farce—for, when his lady offered to examine *into* the premiſes, as being a better judge (with her eyes at leaſt) he refuſed it—the reaſon, no doubt, was a pleaſure he expected in the ſcrutiny—however, he artfully gave out, that it was a *political* affair—and women could not be truſted to look into ſuch *deep* matters.

Out of the 1800 unfortunate ones, above five parts in ſix were abſolutely diſcharged by all the juſtices in quorum; for having no mark but the *common one* peculiar to the ſex in general—near an hundred were reſerved for *further examination*, as the candles grew dim, and their worſhip's ſleepy and fatigued with the inquiſition. But near 50 were ſent in coaches, under a *ſtrong guard* of the *Coldſtream regiment* (with ſtrict orders to fire, if they even laughed, much leſs ſpoke) to the *Cock-pit*, where the lords of the council had been impatiently waiting, to ſearch into

into this dark deep affair—particularly his Grace of ———, who had provided a pair of barnacles (No. 45.) the better to gain an *inſight* into this *horrid* and *black* matter.

As many of theſe ladies, by the haſty and indiſcriminate ſearch, were people of reputation (an affair his lordſhip, and his brethren of the bench, are to anſwer for next term) you may imagine, what pleadings, nay even ſtruggles were uſed by them, to ſpare ſo public an examination—but tears, much leſs words, were all in vain—*ſearch* was the word—and *I'll warrant* it was its aſſociate.

Three or four of the company had particular reaſons, why, at that time of all others, they begged to be examined by matrons of their own ſex—'twas all in vain! the great round table (once the ſeat of ——— was, now—but gueſſing here may better pleaſe the gentle reader than expreſſing—and ſo I leave him to imagine the reſt——when a ſecond letter arrived, contradicting every thing this anonymous correſpondent had ſo ſeriouſly advanced—on which the council broke up—and the Gazette never mentioned a word of the matter.

But you are left to imagine what a P. S. the diſaffected *London-Evening* had on the

occaſion

occaſion—he ſwore to it, that our privy-counſellors, inſtead of doing buſineſs, were always *playing at bo-peep*—that all the old ones (more particularly his Grace of ——) had got the names of *peeping Tom*—and that he believes many a countess, if not the—— herſelf proved with child that night, merely from the account of what paſt in the privy council.

But who, Sir, believes or minds ſuch a ſilly fellow? Who cares not how he fills his columns, ſo he can but fill his own belly—and now, Sir, I ſee the butler eating! we will follow him, and take the advantage of ſo favourable an opportunity—leaſt another ſhould not offer again in a hurry.

On entering the veſtibula of this elegant building, I drew out my plan—but leave you to judge how I was deceived, when the dome ſo beautifully contrived, by the great Sir Chriſtopher Wren, was hung round with ropes of onions—bags of morells and truffles—and every now and then a Weſtphalia ham appearing among them, by way of letting the ſpectator know, that man was not fed with ham alone, no more than with bread—tho' there was *cut and come again.*

The pulpit remained tolerably entire, and on narrow inſpection was filled, together with the reading and clerk's deſk, above half way

" Foul hands—foul heart—foul tongue—*foul Fiend*
all o'er,
" Loud—lying—lazy—but in queſt of ore;
" Engag'd the bully of each dirtieſt cauſe,
" The proſtitute of quirk—and tortur'd laws;
" Child of the earth—each parent, ſtill, unknown,
" He proves his ſcoundrel blood to be his own;
" England has ſeen one Jeffries—and they may,
" Review a ſecond—on ſome future day.

" No need of *Wit's Acroſtic* to invent,
" Of whom I mean this picture to preſent;
" Read but his liſt of vices—and you'll view,
" To whom alone, this character is due;
" Ordure itſelf, the ſelf-ſame title wears,
" No Honour then in that word SIR appears."

The laſt ſecret, according to the Chriſtmas expreſſion, is an impenetrable one, unleſs the perſon an 100 ſince, was made a baronet of—He was, by all accounts, *too knowing* a man to be a *ſimple knight*—but you will find out the intended humour, perhaps, if you read the trials of ſome *Rioters*, about a century back—and which I ſaw in your ſtudy once, bound up with a pamphlet, called, *the Norfolk attorney raiſed*—or the hiſtory of *Jack turned gentleman.*

I drew a ſketch (herewith ſent) of this building, in order to compare it with your drawing of the *Thuilleries* at Paris——and which

which I ſhall have the pleaſure of doing ſoon with you in perſon.

From hence I went to ſee, if any part of London-wall was to be found—the love I bear to Bobadil's character, tho' ſo miſtaken by the very actor, who firſt appeared in it (for he is a *Thraſo* all over—a *Noll-Bluff*—and not a *Shivering Harlequin*) made me think of this—and while I was (which is often the caſe) looking for one thing, I found another—for the old mayoralty-houſe in Finſbury (from whence the mayor of London takes the *Title of Lord*—and the Lord knows how otherwiſe he got it—elſe, why does he not ſit in the houſe of thoſe magnificent gentry?) was ſtill in being—and as a proof that a citizen of London, or of any city in the world, will ever be a citizen, there is, over the chimney of the eating-parlour, a painting of ſome quondam lord mayor, who is choaked, at his own table, devouring a turkey—Death is ſtriking at him, in the middle of his banquet, with an unerring dart—but my lady mayoreſs ſeems to think it an hard caſe, that he ſhould not finiſh his ſupper—and ſo is reaſoning with his mightineſs in the citizen ſtile—Do, my dear, dear Death, let him eat a bit of the liver (you ſee what a fine one it is)—and then let him die and be d——nd;

as it will not then be in the power of any gazetteer wit to ſay otherwiſe, than that he died after eating an *hearty ſupper*—the idea of ſtarving (in other words, *living temperate*) being the greateſt of all blots in a *city eſcutcheon*—beyond that of your grandmother being caught with *long John* the footman, in her grand climacteric—on her great, great grand-daughter having twins by a chimney-ſweeper.

A tapeſtry manufacture, of ſome conſequence, was carried on at this place—and the maſter of it had reſolution enough to laugh at the picture, in queſtion, though a common-councilman of Billingſgate ward.

We now ſteered towards Greſham college—and were not much alarmed at ſeeing it in ruins—as the profeſſors had never done any thing, a century ſince, to give it the name of a college, 'twas of little conſequence, whether they could write or read now—which I found too exactly the caſe.

One anecdote is on record of this, ſo famous univerſity, that a gentleman, failing of his profeſſorſhip in muſic, his friends bid him go back, for there was a vacancy in aſtronomy—and that nobody had ſuch ſight as himſelf.

The man tried—got the chair—held it for above 40 years—and, barring that he

was

was a ſtar-gazer, *ab origine*, did not know a conſtellation from a conſtable.

Adieu!

LETTER XXVI.

AS I had ſtrided to the city, I tarried ſome days with our friend in the Minories, determined not only to ſettle our mutual accounts with him, but to take my leave of all antiquity in this part of the world—if any ſtill remained worthy of the leaſt annotation.

My old friend at the Tower (for I enquired, being in the neighbourhood) was turned out of his place the morning after I ſaw him laſt——the governor of the place happened to be a Scotſman—and ſome of that famous regiment (perhaps infamous) over-hearing our diſcourſe, relative to a certain favourite of that nation—he, next morning, was bid to *gang hame*—and I could learn no further account of him more, than that they thought he was little leſs than a traitor, for daring to think, much more ſpeak, ill of any one, from the other ſide the Tweed.

I had ſo exquiſite a drawing of a church, in Walbrook, dedicated to St. Stephen, that I was determined to viſit it—being on a Wedneſday——I naturally thought the doors would be open—and that I ſhould meet with no delay in ſending for the clerk or ſexton—who, like the parſon, were not to be found but in office-hours.

On approaching the ſtreet, I naturally aſked what time prayers would begin? The perſon I made this requeſt to, happening to be a kind of Preſbyterian, it occaſioned an hearty laugh—allowing ſome reaſonable time for this to ſubſide, I at laſt received for anſwer—Why, Sir, the church has not had a prayer in it for near an 100 years—thanks to the pride and avarice of the then clergy, it fell with the religion of this country in general—the ſuperior loved eaſe too well ever to do any duty himſelf—and leaving it to hackney and itinerant prieſts, one neglected going—then another—whole families deſerted at laſt—when it was let, rather than have it kept uſeleſs, as a pantry or ſtore-room, to the lord mayor's great and gormondizing houſe here adjoining to it—and has remained ſo—I may ſay uſefully ſo, ever ſince.

But Sir (added he) if you have a deſire of ſeeing what was (as I have heard) eſteemed

ſo

ſo capital a building, follow me, and I'll engage you ſhall not only ſatisfy your eyes, but your belly alſo—for no man has a better ſtore-room than his lordſhip.

You muſt know he is of a noble family, which, among us plain citizens, is a great matter—On doing ſome paltry work for the great folks near Weſtminſter, they made him a privy-counſellor—Not that I imagine they ever truſted him with a ſecret worth a ſingle cork to one of his own bottles (he was, and is ſtill, a wine-merchant) but the fool wanted *a feather in his cap*, and having invented many dangers never intended againſt him, he got himſelf this honour, in fact, as a ſecurity to his perſon—for you have heard, Sir, no doubt, that it is abſolutely loſs of right hand, to ſtrike a privy-counſellor.

Now, Sir, to ſhew the falſibility of human nature, and that nothing is in a ſtate of perfection we do—and that beſides every law, the moſt rigid and exact, has its loop-hole to creep out at; a droll dog, to whom he had not only ſold a bad commodity to, but even ſhort meaſure, took occaſion, when his fur robes were off, and he was eaſier come at, to kick his breach round his own hall, in the midſt of all his court friends, and noble relations.

is that of Old England—Heaven bleſs the day!) tho' it coſts him half he is worth—and ſwears not a placemen, penſioner, officer, naval or landed, nor any civil officer, ſhall ſit in his Houſe; adding, this is talking to an echo, with ſuch a parliament, as you are ſure of their anſwer.

I own, could I be ſure of ſeeing him at the window, on the *terra firma* of the gravel walk, under it I could ſtay whole days, to hear his ſyſtem of politics—but, like a parrot, he won't talk when you would have him moſt do it—and ſo, as my time in this country, like the days of this month, grows ſhorter and ſhorter, I muſt avail myſelf of every minute, and forfeit much knowledge perhaps in purſuit of more.

But one thing I admired in his cell, however my fears would not permit me to examine it, and which I beg, if ever I get a copy of, you will place at the head of this collection of letters, if you preſerve them (which am conſcious they don't deſerve) and that was a map of this country, where every city, town and village, almoſt, had a kind of *fuimus* on it.

Thus, in that called Somerſetſhire, the capital of Briſtol was thus marked—Here ſtood the city of Briſtol—In Cheſhire was to be read, the ſmall remains of an ancient

Palatine

Palatine city, called by the name of the country—As you ſurveyed Staffordſhire, I obſerved—here once flouriſhed the town of Birmingham—And in the county of Surry, "Here is what was of the county town of Guildford—famous about a century ſince, for the reſidence of a man, whoſe dirty, ſcraping diſpoſition, gave him the name of counſellor Scavenger—He was ſuch a compleat judge of numbers and chances, that he would lay any man ten to one, and win it, that No. 45, would loſe againſt any one prior or ſubſequent to it"—and we are left to gueſs pretty nearly who this man was, by a kind of epigrammatical acroſtic, which was made a kind of note of, at the foot of the ſaid map—and which my friend the parſon copied in ſhort hand at the cell, before his moſt ſacred majeſty began to play the part of a king.——The lines are theſe—and I doubt not, but, in your collection of odes, epigrams, acroſtics, &c. of which I know you to be ſo exact in collecting, this may be among them—leaſt it ſhould not, from a pencil copy half obliterated, I ſend it you.

"Foul

their own hands) to have the figures of Patience, of Charity, of Meekneſs—nay, even of Faith—not one of which they were acquainted with, while they larded it here—but it was of ſervice, I hear, to ſomebody—for the figures, being well ſculptored, ſold well—and many of them are ſtill to be ſeen at houſes of pleaſure and entertainment near this metropolis.

I found my curioſity ſoon ſatisfied here—little remained viſible that led to any diſcovery, but of their vices, whoſe monuments they were—nor can I forget a ſmart diſtick on one of them, which repreſented a *famous* (rather *infamous*) general officer, and governor, in a ſtate of reſurrection—The lines were,

" Lie ſtill if you're wiſe,
" You'll be damn'd if you riſe.

No place, once ſo eminent for giving pleaſure to the beholders, did, on the whole, give leſs—before I left it was determined to ſee the Jeruſalem chamber, where ſo many crowned heads had lain in ſtate—and, having begged my guide to lead the way, he ſaid—oh! *well thought of*—there is a lord mayor of London now in that ſituation—the doors will not be opened for an *hour or two*—but I can lead you in at a private entry,

try, where, by-the-bye, you will ſee *all for nothing*, as is the common ſaying.

Theſe citizens (replied the man) are fond of revelling, when alive, and being among the nobility, when dead—you ſhall ſee the idle ceremony in an inſtant.

On this we entered thro' an apartment, which once had been the dinner-room for the king's ſcholars—and, on paſſing to the inner chamber, the mutes, who, an hour or two hence, were to act the part of crying and wailing over the *dead corpſe*, were regaling themſelves with beer, and bread, and cheeſe, wiſhing an hundred lord mayor's dead, after this manner, that they might better get their living.

This man had been a *groſs feeder* (as moſt of them are) and more particularly fond of ſwine's fleſh—which gave occaſion to a jocoſe to ſay, when he ſaw all this pomp and parade about him, that he had *brought his hogs to a fine market*.

I, with difficulty, could make out the inſcription, on a flat ſtone, which was erected to the memory of that almoſt divine compoſer, *Henry Purcell*—the concluſion of which gave handle to a droll wag to parody it, on a famous vender and maker of fire-works——the former has in its concluſion, that, " he is gone now to that place where

only his own harmony can be exceeded—when this wit ſays of the latter—He is alſo gone to that place where only his own *fire-works* can be exceeded.

As it happened to be the time when the royal vault in Henry the VIIth's chapel was opened, in order to repair it perhaps (obſerve this end of the once famous cathedral, is tolerably entire) I could not avoid ſtepping that way, in order better to ſatisfy my curioſity.

Imagine me not a little ſhocked, when I heard the workmen removing royal relicks, with equal indifference, as tho' they had been bales of cloth—and, when I looked down, and ſaw ſmall boxes handed from one to the other, I little thought any thing of humour could be ſuppoſed to paſs in thoſe regions—but one of them, chiding the other for ſo roughly handing a certain duke of Cumberland's bowels—the other anſwered, with a look of ſome humour, no leſs than indignation—*Blaſt his bowels.*

This prince had been a commander in chief—was not, when in power, a little ſevere to the ſoldiers under his command—and, perhaps, this fellow might be a deſcendant of ſome perſon maſſacred, as it was then called, in a famous battle during a rebellion.

I think

I think it was called the unnatural rebellion in the year 1745——ſome people of our family, at that time, thought it not ſo unnatural——Be it as it will, that nation ſoon afterwards became regents of this kingdom—and made greater ſlaughter among the natives, by their power and cunning, than ever we did, in their country, by the ſword.

But the general behaviour of the people, in the vault, ſet me into a reverie of thinking, how little, when the power of ſerving is gone from us, even monarchs are reſpected—and this ſhould teach them then, when living, virtue ſhould ever be its own reward, for they are ſure of receiving no other here, whatever may happen hereafter, from a world they themſelves firſt render ungrateful—by only ſelecting the dregs of mankind to ſerve them——who never can pretend to ſerve on principle, but intereſt.

Adieu!

FINIS.

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way to the top (a vacancy having been made by means of a late feaſt) with little vials of bitters, to create an appetite—while, what few of the pews remained, were brim-full of dry'd tongues, Bologna ſauſages, dates, figs, almonds, &c. &c. as a deſert after each feaſt, of which they had had 18 (ſuppers included) but the laſt week.

The capitals of each beautiful pillar and pillaſter of this building were entirely obſcured by chains of black puddings and ſauſages—nor could the ſmalleſt part or parcel of any frize, cornice or ſtucco-work, be ſeen by means of the intervening *Hog's-Cheeks*, and Yorkſhire hams—all I ſaid (when I beheld this profuſion of *eatable architecture*, was in the words of Shakeſpear (as a title to one of his comedies) *as you like it*.

From what I ſaw in this adjoining ſtore-room, I had little inclination to ſee the manſion-houſe—I could eaſily comprehend what were the ornaments there—as through the windows of their famous Egyptian hall, I could diſcern a *bas-relief* (almoſt equal to an Alto) conſiſting of manjoes, angelica roots, muſhrooms, dried pears, and peaches —with an *et cetera* of confectionary, longer than a courtezan's with her milliner, or a fop's

fop's with his taylor—and, perhaps, of as *long outſtanding*.

My friend being called home, obliged me to give up all further views of intelligence here, and ſo I went home to finiſh this to you, leaſt I ſhould fail of ſo good an opportunity, as that of captain Williams's departure to-morrow—So, believe me! now, as ever,

Your very, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

WESTM. ABBEY, Continued.

I HAD but little trouble to-day, in finding my old friend of the tombs, tho' I did not find him at leiſure—However! a promiſe of paying him for a day's work, and a little compliment to his maſter, explaining his uſe to me, and my ſhort ſtay in the iſland, eaſily procured me the aſſiſtance I wanted.

The famous ſchool, founded by queen Elizabeth, and whoſe ſcholars were then called Queen's ſcholars, as ever ſince, till lately, they were ſtiled the King's, was no longer

longer a ſeminary for learning—on the contrary, I found that a maſter builder poſſeſt it, and that the quondam ſchool, and dormitory, were now filled with deal-boards, bricks, and implements for edification, of a different nature, from what it had been formerly.

I was very ſollicitous to ſee all thoſe monuments, which, in former ages, the parliament had voted, as a reward for brave officers, both by ſee and land—but was anſwered, as they were all jobs of occaſional fits of favour, ſo they vaniſhed with the breath of vulgar fame, and perhaps are now to be ſeen, in detached pieces, up and down the taverns, and public-houſes, of Weſtminſter.

The lovely monument of Shakeſpear I found, on enquiry, had been ſold to be placed in a pamphlet-ſhop, near one of the theatres, where the players uſed to frequent—and had, indeed, ſubſcribed in part to procure it—Dryden's buſt was at a muſic-ſhop, merely on account of his having wrote an ode or two, in praiſe of harmony—and, indeed, the man owned it was a piece of œconomy—for otherwiſe he muſt have had the buſts of ſome Italian ſinger, as was the mode of all muſic-ſhops, and

which

which would have coſt him more than any of their heads were worth, even in plaiſter.

Poor Gay's head had been many years fixed in a grammar-ſchool, as a patron to fables, which boys ought to read daily—and old Shovel made a very good ſign to a wig-maker, in ſome adjacent ſtreet, where it was intended as a burleſque on that kind of commodity, every one then, as now, chuſing to wear their own hair—or wigs ſo nearly imitating it, that they appeared one and the ſame.

As religion declined in this country, and as the dean, prebends, and other officers of the church, grew diſſipated, and of courſe avaritious, liberty was given, on paying a certain ſum of money to them, to have what kind of monuments they pleaſed—thus generals, who never were caught in the fact of any one virtue, when living, had emblems of every virtue under heaven, the moment they were buried.

Governors of forts abroad, and colonels of regiments at home, who had robbed the private men of what the public had allotted them for cloaths, pay, food, arms (with an *et cetera* longer than their own ſpontoon, while they lived to brandiſh it—had the aſſurance (at leaſt they deſired, by will, it ſhould be ſo—or their executors did it of their